

The Enterprise.

VOL. 10.

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, SAN MATEO COUNTY, CAL., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1904.

NO. 3.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE

NORTH.	
6:02 A. M. Daily.	
7:26 A. M. Daily, except Sunday.	
9:39 A. M. Daily.	
12:39 P. M. Daily.	
5:03 P. M. Daily.	
5:54 P. M. Daily.	
9:12 P. M. Daily.	
SOUTH.	
6:45 A. M. Daily.	
7:33 A. M. Daily.	
12:03 P. M. Daily.	
4:05 P. M. Daily.	
7:03 P. M. Daily.	
8:33 P. M. Daily.	
12:01 A. M. Daily.	(Theatre train.)

S. F. and S. M. Electric R. R. TIME TABLE

Leave Fifth and Market Sts., S. F.	Leave San Mateo
6:00 a. m.	5:30 a. m.
Every one-half hour thereafter to 7:30 p. m.	Every one-half hour thereafter to 7:30 p. m.
7:30 " "	8:00 " "
8:30 " "	10:00 " "
9:30 " "	11:00 " "
10:30 " "	12:00 " "
11:30 " "	12:42 a. m.

TIME TABLE South San Francisco R. R. & Power Co.

Leave Holy Cross	Leave Packing House
5:30 a. m.	6:30 a. m.
Every one-half hour thereafter to 4:30 p. m.	Every one-half hour thereafter to 4:30 p. m.
4:30 " "	4:30 " "
5:10 " "	5:35 " "
5:55 " "	6:14 " "
6:30 " "	7:00 " "
7:30 " "	8:00 " "
8:30 " "	9:30 " "
9:30 " "	10:00 " "
10:30 " "	11:00 " "
11:30 " "	11:55 " "
12:15 a. m.	12:35 a. m.

Cars pass Post Office every thirty minutes, 18 minutes before and 12 minutes after the even hours, from 5:42 a. m. to 4:42 p. m. The last "suburban car," leaving Fifth and Market Sts., S. F., at 11:30 p. m., connects at Holy Cross at 12:15 a. m. with last car for South San Francisco.

POST OFFICE.

Postoffice open from 7 a. m. to 7 p. m. Sundays, 8:00 to 9:00 a. m. Money order office open 7 a. m. to 6:30 p. m.

From the North.	A. M.	P. M.
San Francisco	6:45	12:03
San Mateo	12:03	12:05
San Bruno	12:05	12:09

From the South.	A. M.	P. M.
San Bruno	6:55	12:09
San Mateo	12:09	12:11
San Francisco	12:11	12:15

CHURCH NOTICES.

Episcopal services will be held every Sunday in Grace Church. Morning service at 11 o'clock a. m. Evening service at 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. See local column.

Methodist Church. Meetings, Butchers' Hall. Sunday Services—Sunday School, 3 p. m.; Epworth League of Christian Endeavor, 6:30 p. m.; Preaching 7:30 p. m.

The pastor, Rev. W. de L. Kingsbury will be in town Tuesdays and Thursdays from 1:30 to 5 p. m. Any who may know of sick or distressed neighbors, will please leave word at the residences of Mr. Coombes, Mrs. Du Bois or Mrs. Sullivan.

Catholic Church Services will be held every Sunday at 9 o'clock a. m. at the Catholic Church.

MEETING NOTICE.

Progress Camp, No. 425, Woodmen of the World, meets every Wednesday evening at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

Lodge San Mateo No. 7, Journeymen Butchers' Protective and Benevolent Association, will meet every Tuesday at 8 p. m., at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

JUDGE SUPERIOR COURT	John A. H. Buck	Redwood City
TREASURER	J. P. Chamberlain	Redwood City
TAX COLLECTOR	M. G. Graham	Redwood City
DISTRICT ATTORNEY	J. L. Bullock	Redwood City
ASSASSOR	D. Hayward	Redwood City
COUNTY CLERK	H. W. Schaberg	Redwood City
COUNTY RECORDER	John F. Johnston	Redwood City
SHERIFF	J. H. Mansfield	Redwood City
AUDITOR	Geo. Barker	Redwood City
SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS	Miss Etta M. Tilton	Redwood City
CORONER AND PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR	W. S. Grove	Redwood City
SURVEYOR	R. Gilbert	Redwood City

Wrecked Sailors Massacred.

London.—According to information from the island of Perim, at the entrance to the Red Sea, an investigation of Massira island, made by the Sultan of Muscat, shows that the captain and a boat's crew of twenty-one men which left the British ship Baron, which ran ashore at the Kuria Musa islands, reached Massira island and were massacred by the natives. Nine of the murderers have been arrested. Previous information was that the boat had capsized and all its occupants drowned except one boy, who was saved by the natives.

CONDENSED NEWS OF THE PACIFIC COAST

Interesting Occurrences Specially Selected and Boiled Down Into Short Items.

HAPPENINGS OF THE PAST WEEK

Current Events Related in Dispatches From Many Correspondents In Various Parts of the West.

Daniel Sullivan, convicted on a charge of burglary at Sacramento, was sentenced to three years at Folsom by Superior Judge Hart.

Fire destroyed the storage bins and one building of the California Produce Company near Fresno. The loss is estimated at between \$20,000 and \$30,000.

William Moore, a miner, has uncovered a ledge of radium at Goldfield, Nev., and is in San Francisco to perfect arrangements for working the property.

Walter D. Chedester fell while jumping from a moving train at Fresno and two of the wheels passed over his left leg, mutilating it so badly that he soon bled to death.

The wrecked steamer Boscowitz, lying off the north end of Vancouver Island, was sold at auction to Bullen Bros. of Victoria for \$825. The wrecking steamer Maud will save the engines and machinery.

The strike at the Renton coal mines, Washington, owned by the Seattle Electric Company, has been settled. The miners voted to resume work under the old conditions. The strike was commenced last June. About 125 men are involved.

Countess Majoresky, who has just returned to Seattle from Nome, says she has a claim for \$200,000 against the Government on account of hardships endured by herself and husband through the actions of William Gilpin, a rejected suitor and Federal official.

Cordray's Theater, in Portland, has been sold for \$50,000 to a syndicate headed by New York and Seattle capitalists. The theater will be turned into a vaudeville house, to be operated in connection with a chain of theaters being built or secured by the syndicate that will extend across the country.

The independent oil producers of California, after their meeting at Bakersfield last week, filed articles of incorporation with the County Clerk. The contracts have been signed by thirty-five independent companies, mostly operating at Kern river, and representing a monthly production of more than 600,000 barrels.

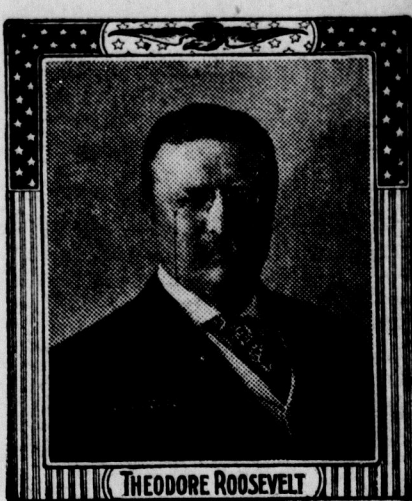
J. D. Farrell, assistant to President Hill of the Great Northern Railroad, has returned to Seattle from St. Paul with the news that the contracts for the union depot in Seattle and extensive improvements to the Great Northern's docks had been let. He refused to give out the contract price. The depot will be built by a Chicago firm.

At Modesto, the wife of James Bonnet went into his room to awaken him, believing that he had overslept. She found him dead in bed. Her mind gave way at the discovery. Mr. Bonnet retired the previous evening apparently a well man, but is now believed to have succumbed to a weak heart. Mr. Bonnet was a rancher south of Turlock.

W. A. Yerxa, a Minneapolis capitalist, has purchased the residence and ranch of the late Senator Boggs, comprising 450 acres near Princeton, Colusa county, which he will improve and beautify for a permanent home. He will establish a large creamery and plant all the land to alfalfa. He will also stock the ranch with thoroughbred Holstein cows.

Large additions have been made to the Venetian glass collection in the museum at Stanford University through the kindness of Messrs. Salvati and Camerino, art glass workers of Venice. The collection has already become the best of its kind in the United States, and with the lot just received will contain almost every known variety of Venetian glass.

While digging around an old unoccupied cabin in the Lower Springs district, Shasta county, two miners



Elected President and Vice-President of United States.

"I am deeply sensible of the honor done me by the American people in thus expressing their confidence in what I have done and tried to do. I appreciate to the full the solemn responsibility this confidence imposes upon me and I shall do all that in my power lies not to forfeit it. On the fourth day of March next I shall have served three and one-half years, and this three and one-half years constitutes my first term. The wise custom which limits the President to two terms regards the substance and not the form, and under no circumstances will I be a candidate for or accept another nomination."—Theodore Roosevelt.

found beneath the floor of the cabin documents bearing the date 1853. It had always been supposed that all the records of the alcalde of Shasta had been destroyed by fire. The cabin in which they were found was used as the first courthouse in this county.

John A. Cole, owner of the Rancho de Las Flores, in San Bernardino county, has sold to George Soule Newman of New York city the yearling colt, Macrose, by McKinney, dam Sweet Rose, for \$5000. Macrose's breeding is equal to that of the best. The price he brought is the largest ever paid for a California yearling. Newman will take the horse to New York.

Arthur Wallace, a carpenter residing at 1126 Howard street, San Francisco, has taken a vow that he will abstain from clam soup for the balance of his days. This vow followed after his having absorbed sufficient ptomaine poison in the last feast he enjoyed in a neighboring restaurant. A hurried trip to the Emergency Hospital saved his life after the doctor used the stomach pump.

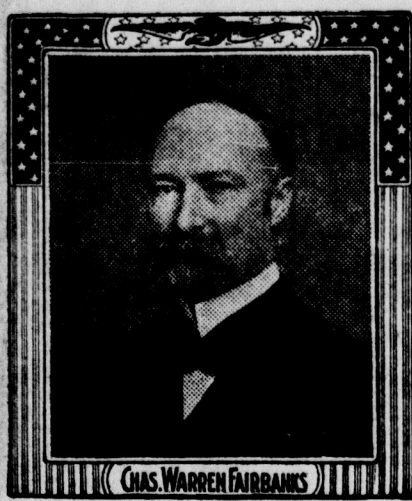
An ordinance repealing the franchise of the Pacific States Telephone and Telegraph Company was introduced in the Council of Portland and referred to the Judiciary Committee. In addition to rescinding the rights granted to the present company the ordinance provides that the franchise be advertised and granted to the company offering the greatest inducements.

H. Griffith was returning to San Bernardino from Mill Creek Canyon when he was hailed by Mrs. Alberto, who said her little daughter was dying. Griffith took the child into his buggy and began a race down the steep canyon road toward Mentone, but before reaching there the girl died and Griffith turned sorrowfully back to the home and gave the remains to the horrified mother. The child had eaten raisins which had been treated with arsenic to kill the many squirrels infesting the neighborhood.

A summary by States of the banks organized from March 14, 1900, to October 31, 1904, issued by the Treasury Department, shows the following for the Pacific Coast division: Washington, 10 banks, with a capital of \$825,000; Oregon, 15 banks, with a capital of \$500,000; California, 45 banks, with a capital of \$5,827,800; Idaho, 18 banks, with a capital of \$600,000; Utah, 5 banks, with a capital of \$305,000; Nevada, 1 bank, with a capital of \$200,000; Arizona, 7 banks, with a capital of \$255,000; total for the Pacific States, 101 banks, with a capital of \$8,312,800.

Germany Has No Agreement With Spain.

Berlin.—The Foreign Office here authorizes the Associated Press to say that Germany has no agreement with Spain whatever respecting joint protection of their interests in Santo Domingo. Neither has Germany protested against the arbitration decision in the case of the claims of the Santo Domingo Improvement Company of New York, nor does the Foreign Office know anything regarding the action taken by the Spanish Consul at Santo Domingo in behalf of Germany.



California Will Send a Full Republican Delegation to Congress as follows:

First District, J. N. Gillette; Second District, Duncan E. McKinlay; Third District, J. R. Knowland; Fourth District, Julius Kahn; Fifth District, E. A. Hayes; Sixth District, James C. Needham; Seventh District, James McLachlan; Eighth District, S. C. Smith.

Menelek Sends Menagerie to Roosevelt.

New York.—Two lionesses, two monkeys, two ostriches and a zebra, which were presented by King Menelek of Abyssinia to the President of the United States, arrived here on the Atlantic transport liner Minneapolis from London. One lioness died during the voyage.

SPECIALISTS DISCUSS CANCER.

Disease May Be Cured If Treated in Its First Stages.

New York.—Hundreds of specialists in diseases of the throat from this and many other cities have gathered to hear what they consider one of the most important papers on cancer of the larynx ever presented in this country. It was prepared and read by Sir Felix Semon of London under the auspices of the section of laryngology and rhinology of the New York Academy of Medicine.

Sir Felix laid great stress upon the necessity for men who had reached the age of 40 years to watch closely the symptoms of cancer of the larynx. He advised those approaching middle age not to delay in seeing a physician if he were troubled by hoarseness. The redness of the throat and the formation of a nodule in the vicinity of the larynx were danger signals which, he said, should not be neglected.

Sir Felix, in contradicting the theory of many American practitioners declared that if the cancer were recognized in its early stages it could be cured without the removal of the larynx.

FOUGHT BANDITS AND REDSKINS.

Stirring Career of William Hobbs Ends in San Bernardino.

San Bernardino.—William Alexander Hobbs, a pioneer of California, whose long career has been a series of thrilling adventures, died here last week. In 1853 Hobbs came to this State from North Carolina, settling near Placerville, where he opened the Mountain House, which the same year was surrounded by bandits, under the notorious desperadoes, Tom Bell and Jack Christy. Over 200 shots were exchanged, Hobbs being seriously wounded.

After repeated signaling, he succeeded in letting the bandits know he was a Mason, whereat Bell waved the white flag, and, riding to where Hobbs lay, attended his wounds and directed his removal to Placerville. Later Bell was killed and Christy died in prison.

Moving to Los Angeles, Hobbs freighted across the desert to Prescott, figuring in numerous Indian fights, at one time being ambushed, and but for the appearance of troops after his party had been surrounded several days, would have been massacred.

Hundred Go Down at Sea.

Bona, Algeria.—A hundred persons were drowned by the sinking of the French steamer Geronde after having been in collision with the French steamer Schiaffino near Herbillon, twenty-three miles from Bona. The Geronde left Bona with 110 passengers, of whom 100 were Algerian natives.

Bark and Crew Lost.

Hamburg.—The German bark Pioneer, of Bremerhaven, from Buenos Ayres for Hamburg, has been lost with her entire crew of eighteen.

WILL ATTEMPT TO IMPROVE WHEAT YIELD

Growers, Shippers and Millers Discuss Plans to Enhance Its Quality and Quantity.

FUNDS FOR EXPERIMENTAL WORK

Millions Can Be Gained Annually With Small Outlay—Will Ask the Next Legislature for Adequate Appropriation.

San Francisco.—Wheat growers, shippers, millers, capitalists and others interested in the wheat industry of California met at the Hotel St. Francis and adopted measures for the improvement of wheat grown in California. The meeting was called by the Merchants' Exchange of San Francisco, because the Exchange, recognizing the fact that some action should be taken to improve the quantity and quality of wheat grown in California, issued an invitation to persons interested in the question throughout the State.

Fairfax H. Wheelan was chosen to preside, and in his introductory remarks spoke of the interest that had been aroused throughout the State over the effort to make California wheat a more marketable product.

General N. P. Chipman said that the question of advancing the standard of wheat produced in the valleys of California was one that should be given close study. The gradual elimination of wheat lands and the planting of fruit trees and vines had probably been the result of an effort to obtain increased revenue, but the fact remains that the falling off of wheat production is undoubtedly due to something other than this.

Professor George A. Shaw of the Berkeley Agricultural Experimental Station said it would require about \$3000 to start the work under the auspices of the Experiment Station and an expert cerealist who should endeavor to obtain a species of grain that will suit the soil of California and retain its glutenous qualities. He called attention to the fact that should the yield of wheat per acre be increased but one bushel, it would mean an enhanced value to the crop of California of \$1,500,000. Should the quality also be improved, as is aimed, it would mean an additional increase in the value of a very large amount. He said the use of proper seed and attention to the breeding of them would materially increase the grain yield both in quality and quantity. General Chipman stated that a committee from the State Board of Trade is conducting such investigations, but has as yet been unable to render a report.

A resolution was adopted as the sense of the meeting that the Experiment Station at Berkeley be requested to proceed at once with the experiments during the coming winter, and that the amounts already subscribed, together with such other amounts as might be collected, should be used to defray the expenses of the work. Secretary Friedlander suggested that a plan by which the advantages of fertilizing the soil should be demonstrated, and proposed the following method: Fertilize the land adjacent to the county roads in alternate patches of a few acres, that all may see the contrast. He said that in England, where fertilizing was necessary, the fields grew an average of thirty bushels to the acre, but in California the average yield was not above fourteen bushels.

Resents an Impertinence.

Chefu.—The Japanese Consul here, on the Mikado's birthday, requested Rear-Admiral Folger, commanding the cruiser division of the American Asiatic fleet, and the captain of a Chinese cruiser to fire a salute. Rear-Admiral Folger declined, on the ground that he was not in Japanese waters. The Chinese captain, however, complied. The incident has aroused much comment.

Was Determined to Die.

Los Angeles.—Dr. Edward Thomas Gagen, for years a prominent physician of Baker City, Or., committed suicide by the most elaborately planned process ever recorded in this city, a week ago. He used gas, chloroform and morphine together to make sure of death.

COUNTY GAME LAW.

The Dates on Which Game and Fish May Be Taken or Killed.

Following are the open Game seasons as issued by the San Mateo County Fish and Game Protective Association:

Cottontail or Bush Rabbits, July 1 to Feb. 1. Rail, Curlew, Dbs or Plover, October 15 to February 15. Hunting with boats one hour before or after high tide prohibited. Deer, August 1 to October 1. Trout, April 1 to November 1. Not more than 100 to be caught in one calendar day. The killing of Tree or Pine Squirrels, the shooting of Song Birds or robbing their nests is prohibited. The seasons fixed by the State law for all other game apply to San Mateo County.

Violations of the game laws will be punished by fine or imprisonment. A reward of \$25 will be paid for information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of offenders.

STATE GAME LAW.

The open season for shooting Valley or Mountain Quail, Partridge, Grouse, Sage Hen, or any kind of Wild Duck, or any Rail, Curlew, Ibis or Plover, or Deer, as fixed by the State law, is as follows:

Valley Quail, Partridge, Sage Hen, Wild Duck, Rail, Curlew, Ibis or Plover, October 15 to February 15. Mountain Quail and Grouse, Sept. 1 to Feb. 15. Doves, July 1 to Oct. 1. Tree Squirrel, Aug. 1 to Oct. 1. Male Deer, July 1 to Nov. 1. Pheasant and Meadow Lark, killing prohibited. Trout, April 1 to Nov. 1. Steelhead (in cold water) closed February 1 to April 1 and September 10 to October 15. Striped Bass, July 1 to Jan. 1. Black Bass, Oct. 15 to Sept. 1. Lobster or Crawfish, Aug. 15 to April 1. Shrimp, Sept. 1 to May 1. Crabs 6 inches across back, Oct. 31 to Sept. 1. Turgeon and Female Crab, prohibited. Abalone, less than 15 inches round.

EVER HUNGRY PIMA INDIANS.

Stories About Starving Arizona Redskins Found to Be Groundless.

Phoenix, A. T.—Much agitation has followed reports that the Pima Indians on the Sacaton reservation in Arizona were suffering from a scarcity of food, and a Government commission is now at the agency investigating the matter.

The commission is headed by Commissioner Jones of the Indian Bureau. Other members are Dr. Sprague of New York, Local Missionary C. H. Cook, Rev. Mr. Moffett of Tucson and two members from Washington, D. C. So far the commission has found no case of starvation.

Several cases were found of Indians who had gone several days without food, but all were provided with ration tickets and could have secured food by application at the agency. It is believed the investigation will set at rest the frequent charges that the Government is neglecting its wards.

The People's Store
GRAND AVE., near Postoffice,
South San Francisco, Cal.

This is the Only Store in San Mateo County that

SELLS
Dry Goods and Fancy Goods;
Boots and Shoes;
Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods;
Crockery and Agate Ware;
Hats and Caps.

AT SAN FRANCISCO PRICES.

Give Us a Call
and be Convinced.

good news

We have just received a large shipment of the famous Cyrus Noble whiskey.

This brand is the most popular American whiskey in the world.

It is a pure, old honest product.

It is distilled from selected grain.

It is a tonic and stimulant combined.

It is absolutely pure.

THE ENTERPRISE

E. E. CUNNINGHAM,
Editor and Proprietor.

As to the two-step, it may have to go, but the sharp-toed shoe is stepping in again.

A scientist says that a constant diet of sour milk will prolong life. Welcome death, rather!

None of the original apostles, it is believed, could afford to wear robes like those of Apostle Dowie.

The Empress Dowager of China has become an apostle of reform, but she reserves the right to do her own reforming.

From the number of exciting adventures he has one would think that J. Pierpont Morgan was about to go on the vaudeville stage.

Ten missionaries have been killed by the natives in German New Guinea, and with this sacrifice civilization will probably take another step forward.

A man who claims to be a wealthy German baron has been locked up in New York on suspicion of being insane. He had expressed a desire to marry an American girl who is not an heiress.

We confess to a strong hope, amounting almost to a belief, that Commander Peary and the Eskimos, between them, will yet find the north pole and squat around it to indulge in a feast of peimican and frozen walrus meat.

Some grave statistician is finding out that the number of blondes is rapidly decreasing and is trying to account for it in a scientific and round-about way. The first pretty girl he meets could give him a full explanation of the case. It is no longer fashionable to be a blonde, and the arts of the dyer and the hairdresser are turned to another color.

Any man, Democrat or Republican, who is elected to public office by vote of the people has a right to respect and honor. The fact that in this country we have no press censor or penalty for lese-majesty should not expose our public officials to unwarranted attacks upon private character. A man's public acts and official policies are proper subjects for oratorical invective, but his private life is his own and, if honorable, should be held inviolate.

Sir William Ramsay's point that our manufacturers should follow more closely the advances which are constantly being made in chemistry is well taken. He tells us that we are behind the Germans in this respect and that we are placed at a corresponding disadvantage. The criticism might be made more comprehensive. People who do not keep in touch with the marvelous progress of science nowadays are generally behind the times and are easily outdone in all departments of human activity by those who do.

England led the United States in the manufacture of a cheap bicycle, and now an effort is to be made there to devise a motor car within the reach of moderate purses. The Automobile Club of London is to hold a series of contests restricted to vehicles costing between \$625 and \$1,000, the object being to produce a good car at a reasonable price. People of moderate means hardly know whether to pray for the success of the project or not. Hitherto their lives have been spared by dodging the cars of the rich, but they may yet have to incur all the dangers which a frisky motor car knows how to devise. Should the automobile come within the reach of all there may be no one left to tell the tale.

A wealthy Brazilian planter has recently been in Crowley, La., arranging for the establishment of a training school to which he will send a number of his young countrymen to learn American methods of rice-culture. Although the Japanese and Chinese have long been considered the world's experts in this department of agriculture, the scientists of our own government have done so much in the way of developing new species of grains, hardy plants, new machinery for preparing and handling the crop, that American growers now stand in a class by themselves. The coast lands below Rio Janeiro are said to resemble closely those of Louisiana and Texas, and it is planned to dike, drain, irrigate and cultivate them under the direction of pupils from the new school.

The extinguishment of the blonde is decreed or predicted by one Mason, a professor attached to the Smithsonian Institution of Washington. He says that blondes have lower vitality than brunettes, and that light complexions, yellow hair and blue eyes, instead of being admired, should be deplored, as evidences that the possessors are not up to the physical standards required for the successful preservation of the race. He thinks that blondes, being possessed of less vital force than brunettes, will gradually cease to reproduce their own type, and hence, in about 600 years, he says, we will all be dark-skinned, with black hair and snapping, saucy eyes. Heavens, what a somber lot we will all be and how monotonous. Still with 600 years of

the blonde ahead we may contemplate the prospect with philosophy, if not with cheerfulness.

Among the rich of the cities are very many who help maintain our churches, schools, and colleges, who assist in upholding the national government, and who aim always to obey the law. These rich persons are not always ostentatious; they are usually public spirited. In short, the rich as a whole have their work to do in the world, and do do it. There are deplorable exceptions. Moral standards are low with some persons of property. These persons do not know how to use wealth wisely. However, the chances are that they would have low moral standards whatever their circumstances. It is becoming a common thing to arraign the rich from the pulpit and platform. Sometimes it is done through a desire for notoriety; sometimes, through apparent envy; sometimes, solely to point a moral. In only the last mentioned case can any possible good come of the arraignment. The rich, of course, are not exempt from criticism, but are the poor? Are the well-to-do? Neither virtue nor sin belongs exclusively to any material condition of life. Neither one is a respecter of persons. And as it is no disgrace to be poor, so also it is no crime to be rich. This is a self-evident truth.

One million immigrants are coming to the United States this year. This human flood is not a natural tide, but one that is being forced upon this country by an organized syndicate of steamship companies and their vast and well-organized corps of agents. The United States of to-day has been built and its greatness has been made possible by the work of the millions of hard-working foreign born citizens who have come to our shores in years past. But these good citizens came of their own motion; came because they longed for freedom both political and industrial; came because in their sturdy hearts flickered a flame of citizenship that burst into a blaze upon reaching this land of boundless opportunity. To such as these no native born nor naturalized citizen has aught but the heartiest welcome. But the immigrant of to-day, as a class, is not the immigrant of yesterday. It can be demonstrated that in league with the steamship companies are the governments of European nations and a systematic and gigantic conspiracy is being worked against the welfare of the United States and its people. Not only this, but of the millions of immigrants this year a very large per cent are the dupes and victims of the conspiracy. The political, social and industrial institutions of the United States are menaced and the problem is one most worthy of attention by all classes in this country.

George Kennan, an American traveler, writing in a recent number of the Outlook, describes an interview which he has had with Russian prisoners of war in Japan. He inquired of them whether they had taken up arms against the Japanese because they hated the Mikado's subjects and considered them bad people. The Russians, according to Mr. Kennan, gave this answer: "We are fighting the Japanese because the Czar ordered us to do so. We have no ill will against the Japanese; for all we know they may be very good people." This is one of the striking anomalies of war. A man goes out to kill other men not because he individually has a grievance against them, but because the supreme authority bids him slay fellow-creatures who have never wronged him. It is strange how a man can work himself up to the point of slaughtering other men when his interest is wholly impersonal. It is equally remarkable that he should be willing to imperil his own life in a quarrel to which he is not a party. Some day the absurdity of the thing will dawn even upon the untutored Russian. In the case of the Turk the Muscovite willingness to do battle for the Czar can be understood. The Russians and the Turks have been enemies for centuries. There is a bitter racial and religious antagonism between them, and hatred is fed by propinquity. But there is no racial nor religious feeling against the Japs, and in fighting them the Russians are fighting only the Czar's battles, not their own. The Czar is taking no risks, nor, for that matter, is the Mikado. The men who declare war are usually too prudent to go to the front.

Exonerated.
Three-year-old Jack had pulled a large bunch of nasturtiums in his grandmother's yard, though strictly forbidden to touch the flowers. A court martial was held, with grandma as judge advocate.

"Jack," she said, "who pulled grandma's flowers?"
With a sad countenance the beautiful little fellow replied, "Kathleen" (his elder sister).
Then the grandfather, a rather stern old gentleman and a great stickler for truth, spoke up.
"Jack, be a man and say, 'I did it!'"
With a beaming expression of relief Jack cried out:
"Oh, yes; grandpa did it!"

All Bones.
Stranger—And did the old farmer over there really starve his summer boarders?
Postmaster—Did he? Why, by the end of the season they were so thin the mosquitoes broke their bills trying to bite them.—Chicago News.

GENERAL STOESSEL, DEFENDER OF PORT ARTHUR.



General Stoessel, the defender of Port Arthur, has become the idol of the Russian army because of his defense of the fortress. General Stoessel has an excellent military record. He fought against the Turks at Plevna and at Schipka Pass, and also won promotion in the Turkestan campaigns. He commanded a corps before being assigned to the Port Arthur post, and was at the head of the Russian force that, in 1900, aided in crushing the Boxer rebellion and in relieving Tien Tsin. General Stoessel is about 55 years of age.



In families where household pets are allowed to be the daily companions of small children, parents should take the greatest care to see that these pets are always in perfect health and kept clean. Many of the small animals and birds most frequently chosen as pets are very likely to fall victims to various diseases, especially tuberculosis and diphtheria. It is natural for birds and animals to live in the open air, and confinement is probably the cause of their great proneness to consumption. It is certain that very few city dogs get nearly enough exercise, and therefore are generally troubled with indigestion and foul breath. Cats, even oftener than dogs, are victims of tuberculosis. This disease is extremely vague in its earlier symptoms, and often slow. It does not require much thought to see how dangerous it must be for young children to romp with and caress a consumptive pet. The sight of a tiny child seated on the floor and playing with a constantly sneezing kitten of doubtful physique is a shocking sight, but is witnessed only too often. Parasites constitute a great danger, especially from cats. Many cases of ringworm in children may be traced to the cat. Therefore, where the pet habit is ingrained and cannot be overcome—indeed, it is not wise wholly to deny children their pets—very careful watch should be kept for the first slight symptoms of indisposition.

"STUFFING" POULTRY.

How Food Is Now Forced Into the Chicken's Crop by Machine.

In keeping with the modern methods of hatching chickens by incubators and caring for them in brooders, establishments in which poultry is



raised on a large scale have added a machine to their equipment with which to fatten their product for market. Liquid food is used, being forced through the tube into the chicken's crop, and it is said a fowl fed in this way for some two weeks prior to killing fattens more quickly and perfectly than by the usual method of hand

feeding. In fact, it is claimed the meat is sweeter and more tender.

The machine is set upon a tripod arrangement, at the top of which is an iron food receptacle, with a suction pump in the bottom. This pump is operated by a pedal. After passing the end of the tube through which the food is forced through the chicken's mouth until it reaches the crop the pedal is worked until the crop is full, when the man in charge of the machine removes his foot from the pedal, stopping the flow of food instantly. Despite the seeming cruelty, the chicken is not injured by the operation. The illustration shows how the chicken is held while being fed, but the tube is beside the fowl, extending to about the point it would reach when inserted in its mouth.

One man can feed 300 chickens in this manner twice a day if he is at all spry. While the chickens are on this diet they are kept in close confinement, are given no exercise, and are allowed only the liquid food.

WILL TRY TO ENTER LHASSA.

Duchess of Manchester to Undertake a Strange Adventure.

The Duchess of Manchester, who was Miss Zimmerman, of Cincinnati, is planning perhaps the most adventurous trip ever undertaken by a woman. She is coming to this country soon from England, to visit with her parents in Cincinnati, and later will go to Japan, Egypt, India and other parts of Asia. The extraordinary feature

Duchess of Manchester of her tour will be a trip to Tibet, in the hope of penetrating to Lhasa. The Duchess is a Buddhist and is consumed with a convert's zeal to worship at the feet of the Grand Lama in the Holy City. The forbidden place will not open to her without a struggle, but she thinks she can, by reason of her adherence to the faith, secure admission. The journey will be fraught with great risks, but the Duke says he has no objection to the attempt.

Drove 60,000 Miles.

T. Seymour Smith, of Franklin, Ky., is probably the only man in the world who can boast of having driven the same team of horses 60,000 miles. Mr. Smith was in business for seven years, and was required to drive over the entire United States. He figures that every day he worked he drove the team twenty miles, making a total in seven years of 60,000 miles. He started at Boston and drove through New England, the middle and Southern States, and the West.

Ancient, but It Goes.

Feebles (about to be operated upon for appendicitis)—Doctor, before you begin I would send and have our pastor, Rev. Mr. Blank, come over.

Dr. Sawen—Certainly, if you wish it, but—ah—

Feebles—I'd like to be opened with prayer.—New York Sun.

Let a man talk with married women about the freedom enjoyed by widows, and he will be shocked to note that they seem to like the idea.

After a woman has been married five years, her love for her husband is made up largely of tolerance.



Tester for Eggs.

We are all more or less familiar with the cold storage house and its uses, but few of us fully understand the inside workings nor the part it has come to play in every-day life. One of the primary objects of the cold storage house is storing of eggs. In the spring when eggs are cheaper than at any other time of the year, the managers of these establishments purchase immense quantities and put them away in cold

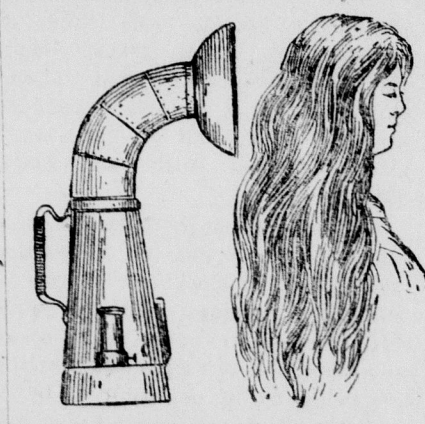


DISCLOSES THE BAD EGG.

storage. These are the eggs we invariably get in the winter time, as really fresh eggs from the country are so dear as to limit the quantity used. The housewife purchases the cold storage eggs, among which a bad one can always be found, and many a nice cake has been spoiled on this account. It is difficult to tell with the naked eye the inevitable bad one that slips in occasionally, and it is usually discovered when it is too late. A very simple device to overcome the chance of a bad egg getting into the cake or pudding is shown here. The egg is placed in the smaller end of the funnel, the other end covering the eyes. The peculiar shape so reflects the light that it is an easy matter to detect the bad egg from the good one, and saves the cook from worrying whether her cake will be spoiled. There would be no chance, either, of boiling an egg and after opening it finding it to be strong and not fit to eat. A. Blum, of Savannah, Ga., is the patentee.

Apparatus for Drying the Hair.

There are not many of the gentler sex who find pleasure in washing the hair, not because it is not refreshing, but simply because of the nuisance and



DRIES THE HAIR QUICKLY.

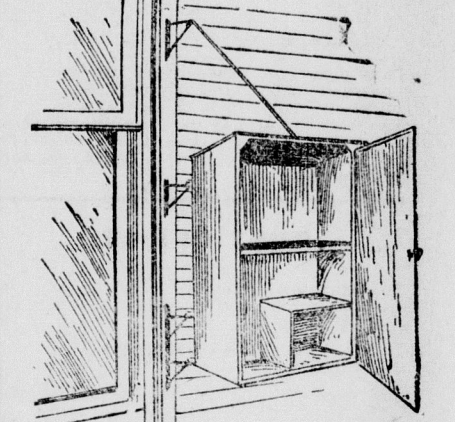
bother entailed. It is no trouble at all for a man to wash his hair, as he can dry it again in a very few minutes, but with the woman it is entirely the opposite. If she could do it as quickly as a man, there is not the slightest doubt but she would delight in performing the operation as often as he does, as all women take pride in their hair and like to have it look as neat and clean as

possible. The busy woman must select a time in which she knows she will have at least a couple of hours to spare, in order to allow the hair to dry out thoroughly. She knows that rubbing would do more harm than good, as the knots and tangles into which the hairs would be worked would take longer in the end to unravel than sitting with the back to the sun and drying by this, the usual way. By the method of the apparatus shown in the illustration the operation can be accomplished very quickly. A small alcohol lamp placed inside the tube furnishes heat sufficient to dry the hair thoroughly and with no loss of time, the construction being such as to create a draught of air which passes out of the mouth of the tube.

Being small and of little weight the lamp can be adjusted on any convenient chair or table to suit the person using it. Miss Eleanor Robinson, of Waco, Texas, is the inventor.

A Window Refrigerator.

In the Southern States, where the thermometer seldom gets below 60 or 70 degrees, except in the very heart of the winter months, it is often a difficult problem to keep perishable foods in good condition. This is also true in the Northern States in the summer season, and the housewife has to have an ice chest or refrigerator in which to store certain articles of food. Fruits of all kinds, butter, meats and similar eatables must be kept out of the heat, as we all know that they will not be fit



SWINGS ON BRACKETS.

to put on the table if they are not perfectly fresh. In those families which are lucky enough to possess an ice chest or refrigerator it is generally placed in the cellar, where it is always cooler and where the ice melts less rapidly, or sometimes it is put out in the yard. Every time an article is wanted, even if it is only a glass of ice water, it means a trudge up and down stairs, which is very tiring to the housewife. A very compact and convenient substitute for the refrigerator is shown in the illustration. It will be observed at a glance how useful it would be and also the time that would be saved. The inside compartments can be arranged to suit the individual taste, and the box placed where it would be most easy to reach. The idea of the inventor is to fasten the chest, as it might be called, on swinging brackets just outside of the kitchen window, where it would be handy to reach. After the article wanted has been removed from the chest, it can be pushed back against the wall out of the way.

Another very great advantage is that it could be used in winter as well as summer, as in winter the cold air would be sufficient to keep fresh all perishable articles. The inventor is H. C. McClung, of New York City.

WORLD'S SEVEN ANCIENT WONDERS.

THE COLOSSUS OF RHODES. a gigantic statue representing Helios, the sun god worshiped by the Rhodians, was of bronze, 95 feet high, and was erected about 280 B. C. Fifty years later an earthquake destroyed it, and, 700 years later, when the Arabs captured the city they sold the metal to a Jewish merchant.

THE HANGING GARDEN OF BABYLON appears to have been a sort of tower or pyramid, rising in terraces and planted with flowers, shrubs and trees. It is said to have been constructed by Nebuchadnezzar for the gratification of his Median queen, because the Babylonian plain seemed dreary to her in comparison with the mountain scenery of her native land.

THE PYRAMIDS OF EGYPT, some seventy-five in number, extend in groups from Abu Roash on the north to Medium on the south. The largest is the Great Pyramid, the tomb of Cheops. It covers thirteen acres and originally was 482 feet high. They date from the period between the fourth and twelfth dynasties—3,000 years or so before the time of Christ.

THE TEMPLE OF DIANA, at Ephesus, was 425 feet long, 225 broad and was supported by 127 columns of Parian marble, 60 feet high. The building of it took 220 years. It was destroyed by the Goths A. D. 256.

THE MAUSOLEUM AT HALICARNASSUS, the tomb of Mausolus, king of Caria, was erected by his widow in 353 B. C. Its sculptures are discussed in every history of Greek art. It remained in good condition until the twelfth century, but gradually fell into decay and when in the fifteenth century the Knights of Rhodes took possession of Halicarnassus they used the stones to build a castle.

THE PHAROS OF ALEXANDRIA, the greatest, if not the first, lighthouse of the ancient world, was erected on the Island of Pharos, in the harbor of Alexandria, about 300 B. C. It was destroyed by earthquake in the fourteenth century.

THE STATUE OF ZEUS, by Phidias, was of colossal size and made of gold and ivory. It stood in the Olympian temple of Zeus, the chief god of the Grecian mythology.

For Shipmett.

Pett Ridge told an excellent baby story at the ladies' summer dinner of the New Vagabond Club. A lady and her little daughter were walking through Grosvenor Square when they came to a portion of the road strewn with straw.

"What's that for, ma?" said the child, to which the mother replied: "The lady who lives in that house, my

dear, has had a little baby girl sent her."

The child walked along for a few yards, and then, turning back and nodding at the straw, said: "Awfully well packed, ma!"—St. James's Gazette.

It occasionally occurs to every mother that all her husband got her for was to take care of the children.



CHANCES OF THE LAWYER.

Only Success Lies in Becoming a Specialist in Some Line.

This month brings the usual influx of young lawyers. Estimating conservatively, there are at least 3,000 of them. Twenty years ago students in law schools were numbered by the hundreds. At the present time 10,000 is nearer the mark. In other words, if every lawyer in Greater New York should die to-morrow their places could be taken by the members of three graduating classes. What is to become of these young men? Is the question frequently asked.

Fully 50 per cent gravitate to the large cities to increase the already enormous congestion. Conditions are very little better in country districts, for it was recently computed by the editor of a law magazine, after a careful compilation of statistics, that the average ratio was one lawyer for every 900 men, women and children of his locality.

Many of those who with right hand uplifted have taken the constitutional oath of office will never practice. More and more is the study of law becoming a recognized part of a thorough commercial training. The head of a great enterprise cannot have counsel perpetually at his elbow. There are times when he must act quickly upon his own judgment. Not a little of the success of the late Jay Gould is to be attributed to the fact that he was thoroughly versed in financial and corporation law.

The majority, unprovided with "pull" or "family connections," will consider themselves fortunate if they secure admission to the office of some large firm where half a dozen specialists preside over as many separate departments. Here they enter upon their professional lives at a salary of \$10 a week, which, as the years roll on, in the absence of a manifestation of exceptional ability, will not be increased to more than \$25.

The young man who "starts out for himself" will find peculiar conditions confronting him. Real estate and corporation practice is almost entirely in the hands of the title insurance and corporation companies. The manufacturer or contractor who in years gone by was wont to be the defendant in half a dozen accident suits per year now goes to the casualty company, which for one-quarter his lawyer's fee will annually guarantee him against loss. Wills and "surrogate's practice" are attended to without charge by more than one trust company if the latter is appointed executor.

The most salient feature of the present state of affairs is the elimination of the old "general practitioner," who, prepared at all points, might yesterday have tried a suit on a promissory note, to-day plead for a criminal and to-morrow argue the validity of a title. The successful member of the bar is a specialist in one particular branch of the law, and it is in this direction, if any, that the hope of the young man lies.—New York Herald.

SAD FATE OF A BAND.

Swinging Doors Separate Big Horns from the Rest.

A tale of a village band and how it came to an untimely end is told by one of the unfortunate participants in the Baltimore Sun.

The occasion was a political celebration which took place some time ago. For months previous to the event this particular village was resonant with blasts, toots and wails, for it was the first, and, as it turned it, the last band the town ever boasted. Finally, after much individual and collective practice, the organization was pronounced fit to appear in public.

On the morning of the celebration the band assembled, resplendent in new uniforms and with horns polished like grandmother's andirons. The members received a rousing send-off and left to conquer musical fields anew. By playing popular airs almost without intermission they became popular. Not satisfied, they concluded to serenade one of the political candidates in the courtroom. Forming in line they proceeded up the stairs two by two with the two big horns leading. In spite of the climb the music was all right until the door to the courtroom was encountered. It was of the swinging variety and as the two big horns entered the doors swung to behind them, leaving the rest of the band outside. All that could be heard was the gruff foot too, too, and soon cries of "Put 'em out!" resounded through the room. The big horns fled precipitately and so did the rest of the band. They played no more that day and soon after disbanded.

A Postscript.

A little St. Paul girl had a very large family connection to pray for, and one night when she rose from her knees her mother said:

"Why, Edith, you forgot grandma!" She got right down on her knees again and said:

"Oh, God, wouldn't that give you cold feet! I forgot grandma!"

Essential to the Work.

"Yes, ma'am," said Weary Walker, "it was religion dat t'rew me outer work."

"Oh, don't tell me that!" exclaimed the good old soul.

"Fact, ma'am. I was a boss stevedore, but I got religion an' I couldn't swear no more."—Philadelphia Press.

Very Tall and Very Rich.

The Crown Princess of Denmark is the richest and tallest woman of her rank in Europe. She is six feet tall, and inherited \$15,000,000 from her maternal grandmother, as well as the bulk of her father's fortune.

HOW TO COOK MEAT.

Over Rules Determined by Scientific Investigation.

The cook book compilers have adopted certain empirical laws regulating the cooking of meat, but as these are largely the result of casual observation, they do not accurately represent the facts, says the Philadelphia Record. For several years the University of Illinois, working in co-operation with the State experiment station, has been studying the question of losses in cooking different kinds and cuts of meat, consequent changes in its nutritive value, the development of flavor, etc., and the results of their experimentation have just been published by the government.

As regards temperature, authorities on cookery agree quite generally that meat should be subjected at once to a degree of heat which will sear the outside of the roast, so that the juices may be retained. The experiments just concluded show that with oven temperatures ranging from 182 to 500 degrees Fahrenheit the losses in weight, due principally to the evaporation of water, varied from 6 to 20 per cent, and, generally speaking, the higher the temperature the greater the loss.

However, in order to develop the characteristic flavors of cooked meat a temperature of at least 482 degrees Fahrenheit is necessary. When meat is baked for a short time at a very high temperature—500 degrees—the outside layer is apt to be overdone and the center too rare for use. When baked slowly, at a comparatively low temperature, the roast is evenly cooked throughout and the juices well retained, but the savoriness and flavor produced by higher temperatures are lacking. In regard to the length of time required to attain any desired degree of cooking, as indicated by the color, it was found that thirteen minutes per pound and thirteen minutes to the oven gave that degree of cooking known as "rare." Fifteen minutes to the oven and fifteen minutes to the pound produced the degree of cooking known as "medium." Twenty minutes to the oven and twenty per pound gave that degree known as "well done." It is evident that the time element is an important one as regards the degree of cooking and the losses incurred in the process.

The effect of different shapes and sizes of pans was also observed. Closed pans, while effecting a saving in weight, produced a meat of inferior flavor and lacking in attractive appearance. The average loss in a large number of experiments was about one-sixth the original weight. The color and flavor of the drippings appear to be influenced considerably by the area of the pan, the smaller area giving the lighter colored drippings.

RUSSIAN PROPHECY

Predicted Japanese Supremacy Nearly 100 Years Ago.

That the Japanese would one day be rulers of the ocean coast of Asia is the prediction made almost a century ago in the book of a Russian naval observer, whose prophecy seems not unlikely of fulfillment at the present time. In 1811 Capt. Vasil Golawin, of the Imperial navy, was instructed to cruise among the coral archipelagoes of the Pacific to ascertain which of these were inhabited by the Japanese, and accordingly he set sail from Odesa in the Diana, arriving some two months later off the coast of Yezo. But one or two copies of Capt. Golawin's book are extant, one of them being in the library of the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg.

Published in 1815, "Capt. Golawin's Captivity in Japan" throws an interesting light upon the physical and moral characteristics of the Japanese nation at a time when little, if anything, definite was known by Europeans—particularly in Russia—of the traits of the Mongolian island people. Of the observations contained in Capt. Golawin's book the following are of current interest: "I praise the Japanese for their skill. They will one day be, probably, rulers of the ocean coast of Asia. And what can Russia do, being so far away from this border? Should the Japanese introduce European civilization and European political systems, the Chinese would be obliged to do the same, and those two people could then give Europe another face." Happenings such as the Chwostow raids (1791) would give suggestion to them to build European warships, and a small fleet could be raised to begin with. Many European inventions could be reproduced in Japan—and without the brains of a Peter the Great—simply by the combination of circumstances and the natural advantages of Japan.

"Certainly, with European models, Japan could build men of war very easily and man them quickly with brave soldiers. The population is peculiarly adaptable to naval requirements by reason of the insular position of the country. The people comprehend easily, and given adequate instruction, would supplant Europeans as navigators.

"The Japanese lack only one quality, namely: terrestrial bravery; but their deficiency in this respect is only because of the peace-loving character of their government. After a very long time they lose all capacity to shed blood. I think an entire people not timid, however, whose forefathers were the terrors of the whole world."—New York Times.

The self-made man and the home-made shirt are apt to be more useful than ornamental.

There is very little common sense in this world; most of it is decidedly uncommon.



LITTLE STORIES AND INCIDENTS

That Will Interest and Entertain Young Readers.

Sally's Rainy Day Fun.

"Oh, dear," said Sally, "I don't see why it should rain to-day of all days, when I had just planned to go out with Susan and Kitty. I think it's just too mean. What can I do to pass the time?"

"Sally," replied her mother, "you make a great mistake to complain about the weather. Remember that every day that is sent to this world is sent for a purpose; and we all have only a limited number of days to live and should learn to enjoy each one, whatever the weather may be.

"Now, I will show you a game that Susan and Kitty can play with you. It is a make-up game and brand new, because I have just invented it for you."

"Goody," cried Sally, and hurried to the telephone to call her two friends. When they arrived, Mrs. Challoner had cleared off the library table and had spread a big atlas on it.

"Now," said she, "this is the travel game. You must each plan a trip around the world, to go here and there, criss-cross. Kitty must plan to go west, starting from Boston. Susan must go east from New York. Sally will go east from Philadelphia. Each of you must have her own program to see any towns and places you may prefer.

"Now take the map of the world and each one trace her route and see how often you will cross each other's way and how often you will actually meet."

Three weeks afterward, when Philip happened to meet him one day, he called out good-naturedly: "Hello, Bob! I have been wanting to tell you there is a saw up at our house belonging to you. Come over some time and get it. By the way, all those little woodpeckers can fly for themselves, and they are as cunning little birds as any one ever saw."

Who Is "Thy Neighbor?"

"Love thy neighbor as thyself," read the Sunday school teacher. "Now, Nellie, who is 'thy neighbor'?"

"It's the woman next door who is always borrowing things," answered Nellie.

Mamma's Mistake.

Tommy (after the shower)—Mamma, may I go out to play now?

Mamma—What, with those holes in your shoes?

Tommy—No, mamma; with those kids next door.

The Real Reason.

"Why should we say 'Get thee behind me, Satan'?" asked the Sunday-school teacher.

"To give us a chance to get ahead of him," replied the bright boy.

Boy Couldn't Trust Him.

Mr. Ryder—Here, boy, I'll give you a dime to hold my horse five minutes.

Boy—All right; but you'll have ter gimme de dime first.



I do believe I've never seen A boy so odd as 'Bijah Green. When things this boy displease or fret Upon his ear our 'Bije will get, And when excited, it is said, Abijah's sure to lose his head.

When shaken by the other boys, He's rattled, and a fearful noise He makes. A word, quite often more Than any blow, will make him sore. Oh, yes; I'm sure I've never seen A boy so odd as 'Bijah Green. —Chicago Inter Ocean.

"Oh, Mrs. Challoner," said Kitty, "it will be like a real trip."

"Yes," said Mrs. Challoner, "and when you happen to get very near each other somewhere you can pretend to telegraph, and then each of you must find out just how to travel to reach the meeting place on which you may agree."

The three girls had been playing for an hour when the sun came out, and Mrs. Challoner listened, expecting to hear them rushing out of doors; but as the expected sound did not come, she looked into the library and found them, laughing and interested, poring over the map, quite oblivious of the sunbeams that fell on the atlas.

"The rain has stopped," said she, "and you can go out, girls."

The girls looked up and then at each other. Finally Susan said: "I'd rather play this game a little longer, if the rest would."

"So would we," cried Kitty and Sally.

"I almost wish," said Sally that night, "that we would have another rainy day soon, because Sue and Kitty and I have planned a race to the Philippines, each of us to choose a different direction, and the steamships we take are to be selected from the sailing announcements in the newspapers. Then, when the ships really arrive we can see from the papers which one reaches the place first, and thus we will see who made the best selection. Oh, mummy, dear, there's no end of the things we can do with your clever travel game idea."

The Young Woodpeckers.

Philip was a brave little boy. All the other boys looked up to him and liked to have him in their parties when they went swimming or tramping. But they all agreed that he was queer about "birds and things."

The others liked to collect birds' eggs and did not hesitate to take all they could find, leaving many little bird homes perfectly empty. Philip never disturbed so much as one egg. All spring he watched a beautiful yellow-plumed woodpecker drilling a hole in a hollow tree and building his nest there. The hole was quite high, but one of the boys determined to get the eggs. He knew, however, that he would have to do it when Philip was away. So one day when he thought Philip was off on a tramp he took a small saw and went to the tree. He had reached a convenient limb and was commencing to saw when Philip came running and shouting.

The boy was so startled that he slid down, dropping his saw, and ran as though he had seen a ghost.

Mr. Ryder—Can't you trust me? Boy—Naw. Mebbe I won't be here when youse git back.

No Earlier Upstairs.

Mamma—Come, darling, it's time for you to go upstairs to bed. It's 8 o'clock!

Little Clarence—But, mamma, it won't be any earlier up there.

AN ESKIMO SALMON TRAP.

The Eskimos along the Yukon River have an odd method of catching salmon, which is described by Jeremiah Lynch in "Three Years in the Klondike."

The Eskimos take boards a foot wide and an inch thick, and nail them together lengthwise in a triangular spout, a little wider than a good-sized salmon. This is submerged in five feet of water a foot from the surface and twenty yards from the shore.

The salmon, swimming along the side of the shore against the strong current, go straight into this simple trap and cannot get back, and those in the rear press on those in front.

We saw eighteen large salmon taken from one of these spouts in a few minutes, and the Indians said they caught scores every day while the run continued.

At an old Russian settlement we observed how the natives live and prepare for the winter. The fish were running plentifully, and every Indian, even to the little children, was busy bringing them up from the bank, opening them and hanging them on the trees, or temporary scaffolds, or tops of huts and cabins, in every conceivable place where a salmon could be put to dry out of reach of the dogs.

The run lasts about six weeks, and in that interval the natives must provide food for their families and their dogs until next season. Very few wild animals exist on this lower Yukon, and with the addition of geese and ducks, salmon is the only food that country provides for its inhabitants. No grain is cultivated. The Indians buy flour and light supplies from the traders, paying in dogs and furs, for they trap all through the long winter.

How He Bought Them.

Amateur Fisherman—Do you buy those long bamboo poles by the foot? Sporting Goods Dealer—No, by the rod.—Baltimore American.

The fire of genius isn't always able to keep the pot boiling.

Topics of Times

A large number of anarchists have been expelled from Switzerland.

Some burglars not only stole the silver plate from a house in the suburbs of London, but carried off the owner's burglar insurance policy.

John Innes, the late lord of the manor of Merton, England, has bequeathed a sum of \$1,500,000 for the cost of erecting and maintaining a museum for Merton.

General Booth's automobile "campaign" from Land's End, England, to Aberdeen, Scotland, took him over 1,500 miles of road. Everywhere he was received with enthusiasm.

Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, has been celebrating the fifty-first anniversary of his ordination as a priest. He was ordained in St. Louis, Sept. 8, 1853, by Archbishop Kenrick.

Beerholm Tree has consented to organize a subscription toward a memorial of the late Wilson Barrett, probably in the form of beds for members of the dramatic profession, in one of the London hospitals.

Jane G. Evans, for more than forty years a missionary in north China, has died in Charlestown, N. H. The illness that caused her death is attributed to her suffering during the boxer uprising in 1900.

The Rev. S. Sugihara is pastor of a Japanese Methodist Episcopal church in Portland, Ore. His people, who are mostly domestic servants or day laborers, have made great sacrifices to raise \$3,000 toward a church building.

A church service in Wales was suspended while two stout deacons and the preacher extricated from between the two rails of the pulpit stairs the head of a restless boy who had got it there. The balusters had to be broken.

A chafing dish of Japanese coin silver, representing the continuous work for nine months of Masuyuki, one of Japan's most noted silversmiths, is exhibited in the San Francisco building at the world's fair. It is valued at \$500.

By means of an accidental short circuit in one of the junction boxes in an electric main in Melbourne, Australia, an alarm was sent in to every fire department station and 1,500 calls were received at the same instant in the head telephone office.

The Japanese, always keen sportsmen, used to take most of their game with goshawks and sparrow hawks. The only dogs they used were spaniels, which flushed the game. But now they are taking to dogs, and many good animals are being imported from England.

Dr. Asser, a well-known authority on international law, has been appointed Minister of State for Belgium. He is a member of the Permanent Arbitration Court at The Hague, and was the arbitrator between Russia and the United States in the Bering Sea sealing dispute.

Lady Gordon is one of the hardest working literary women of Great Britain. She has already unearthed a rare collection of the old Irish ballads and legends and has now turned her attention to Irish plays. She has procured the necessary patent for a new theater in Dublin for their production.

A boy of 11, who lives at Hamilton, Ontario, wrote to the Czar, asking for some Russian postage stamps. Recently he received from the Czar a complete collection of Russian postal, departmental and local stamps in a magnificent bound album. The collection is said to be worth several thousands of dollars.

The Sultan of Turkey does not like the dark and every night not only his apartments in the palace but the sur-

rounding gardens as well are flooded with light. He is generally read to sleep by his brother or a special servant, his favorite books being sensational novels. If he dreams an interpreter is summoned directly to Sultan awakes and the meaning of the dream is explained to him.

The following are names assumed by noted Britons when traveling incognito: King Edward, Duke of Lancaster; Queen Alexandra, Mrs. Stephens; Princess Charles of Denmark, Miss Mills; Princess Louise, Lady Sundridge; Princess Christian, Countess Gravenstein; Princess Henry of Battenberg, Lady Carlbrooke; Princess of Wales, Countess of Killarney; Duchess of Connaught, Countess of Sussex. Empress Eugenia travels as Countess de Pierrefonds, and the late Queen Victoria used the title Countess of Balmoral.

Few Top Boots Worn.

The old-time top boot is fast disappearing from the face of the earth. Even the miners of the west, among whom a pair of ordinary shoes used to be as rare as sombreros on Broadway, are abandoning them.

Eight or ten years ago the young mining experts, fresh from the eastern colleges, used to come into camp with hob-nailed laced boots. This style of footwear was at first scorned as the mark of the tenderfoot and dude.

Then a few miners tried laced boots just for fun, and found the fashion a sensible one. Laced boots brace the ankles for climbing and can be taken off without a bootjack. They fit more snugly all around and are less likely to chafe.

So the miners began to take them up. Now the old-time boots is rare in the mining regions.

Even the few cowboys left in the west are taking to laced boots. There was a time, in the heyday of the cowboy, when a special grade of fine, high-heeled, thin-soled boot was manufactured solely for the cowboy trade, since cowboys were always very vain about their footwear. But with the decadence of their trade the cattlemen have lost their small vanities, and a full half of them ride in the more comfortable laced boots. So is the old top boot, once worn by most city men, vanquished in its last stronghold.—New York Times.

Test for Trainmen's Eyes.

"Tests for defective eyesight on all members of railroad train crews are much more severe and frequent than they were a few years ago," remarked a prominent railway official a few days ago, to a Columbus Press-Post writer. "The reasons for these tests are obvious, as the safety of every moving train depends mainly upon the clearness of vision of the men having it in charge. In these tests color blindness causes the most trouble and is a constant menace to all trainmen, as the inability to name correctly the different colors at a glance is followed by instant dismissal from the service.

"A peculiar case was brought to light recently when a conductor on my road was being put through the test. He had been running a passenger train several years and never met with an accident, and was deemed one of the best men on the road. When the different colors were placed before him singly he called them correctly at a glance, but when two or more colors were presented he was wholly unable to tell one from another. We were sorry for him, but of course, were forced to let him go.

"Physicians seem to be unable to discover to just what cause this affliction is due. They claim that some persons are born with it, while it comes upon others without warning at any time of life, and unless put to the test the victim will never know that he is so afflicted."

THE ENTERPRISE

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
E. E. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Prop.

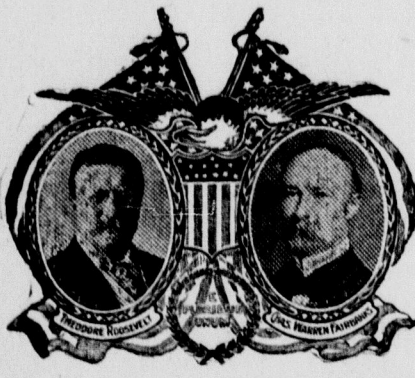
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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1904.



The country is sane, safe and sound.

It was an avalanche, and deluge combined.

The American people love a brave, strong man. Their overwhelming verdict in favor of Theodore Roosevelt on Tuesday is proof of that fact.

The Fifth Congressional District has chosen for its representative in Congress a man in every way suited to the office. Mr. Hayes will, in our opinion, make his mark at Washington. He is a man of positive character, with high ideals, and with a practical business man. This district is fortunate in the choice of such a representative.

The scheme to defeat Supervisor Eikerenkotter failed. The opposition of bona fide residents was entirely legitimate, and a matter of either party politics or personal preference for Mr. Casey, for whom we have only the most friendly regard. The bitter war waged by outsiders was an entirely different matter. The poolroom conspiracy has been defeated, and the substantial citizens of Colma should rejoice that it is so. The First Township has secured the services of a first class man as its Supervisor for the ensuing four years and Colma will not have a poolroom fight on its hands for some time to come.

The Republican victory of November 8th was so complete, so overwhelming that it leaves no ground of hope for the opposition. The policy of protection to American industries has become the American policy. Furthermore, the people have found in Theodore Roosevelt their ideal. He is straight and he also is strong. Recognizing the situation, certain leaders of the opposition are already casting about for a new deal. The press dispatches say that Bryan, Watson and Hearst are the men who will organize a new party. One can imagine the kind of political aggregation this trio would gather together.

GLOBE SIGHTS.

A man can't have a very big time by himself.

The days these cold days are getting around like men of 75.

Some way no one expects much from a very fat person.

Don't carry a lot of keys to private drawers. Burn papers you don't want seen.

We have noticed that the people who boast most of their ancestry are those who don't live up to it.

Occasionally you see such a homely woman who has married that the situation demands an explanation.

Start out in the morning with a strong, healthy resolution to be good, and you will find it is walking lame by noon.

After a boy has learned trigonometry, and cube root, and Greek, he still has to learn how to mark his ball.

If a girl has her eyes on a man, and a Hallowe'en charm says that he is to be her Very Own, he couldn't escape if Mercury loaned him his wings.

An equal suffragist on a farm is as rare as a chum in town. There seems to be something about the easier life in town that makes women discontented.—Atchison Globe.

AN AUTUMN REVERIE.

'Tis autumn—and off together,
Over the hills and away,
We go in golden weather,
My lady and I, to-day.

And sit on the hillside sunny
Where the purple grapes hang low
And watch the clouds a-floating by
And their shadows come and go.

We hear the clear pipe of autumn—
The call of the hiding quail—
And see the flash of gold as he flies
Over the old fence rail.

My lady's face is dreamy,
And her thoughts seem far away,
As she twines the leaves for a garland,
To trim her hat to-day.

"Of what are you thinking?" I ask her,
And she lifts her eyes so brown;
"I was wondering," she said—the mischief!
"Will the new hatbrims turn up or down?"

—Millinery Trade Review.

PALMISTRY.

ALONE James did it. I have told him since that I owe him a debt of gratitude which I never, never can repay. His reply, that he would rather I owed him something which I could repay, touched me deeply, but had no other immediate result.

I must give you his name in full: James Arthur Brocklebank. Perhaps some day will find me teaching my children to lip that dear name at their mother's knee. This is what they do in novels, though I should not think "Brocklebank" allows of much scope for liping. Still, there it is.

It was at a fancy bazaar. Most of us at the hall were helping in some way. Our dear hostess was selling—what are those things that ladies buy?—while her daughters had sweet and scent and tobacco stalls, and so forth. I thought at first that I was the only unemployed one until James strolled up.

"Hello," he said; "you're doing nothing."

"I wanted to help," I exclaimed. "My idea was to keep a tobaccoist's stall, and then one could smoke cigarettes all the time. The assistants in shops always do that to advertise their goods."

"Oh! And I suppose assistants in sweet shops eat sweets all the time?"

"Of course."

"Have you ever thought," said James, reflectively, "what a tired time the right-hand man of a butcher must have?"

"Look here," I said, "did you come to talk rot like that to me?"

"No; I want you to have your fortune told. There's a palmist here."

"But I haven't a fortune."

"You don't want one. Half a crown's enough."

I went with him under protest. It was a very dark tent into which we plunged, and I could see no fortune teller.

"Where is she?" I asked impatiently.

"The other side of the curtain," said James; "but you mustn't go in. You put your hand through there, and she is on the other side. Of course, if she saw you, it would spoil everything."

"Who is it?"

"Never mind."

I put my hand through. Some one took it, and it seemed as though she were going over the lines of my palm with a pencil.

"You are quick-tempered, slow-minded, thin-skinned—"

"Fat-headed, go on!" I said bitterly.

"Just you wait till I see you."

"I'm awfully sorry," said the voice. "I don't think I have the right hand."

"Of course you haven't. It's the left."

"Yes, that's right. Oh, I see! I was looking at it upside down. You are modest, clever, athletic and of an artistic temperament."

James laughed unkindly.

"Did you laugh?" asked a voice.

"Certainly not!" I replied. "I wouldn't think of such a thing. But you are only saying things I know already. Won't you tell me my future?"

"You will be married within a year."

I gasped.

"Did you gasp?" asked a voice.

"That was the impression I intended to convey. But are you sure?"

"Quite, quite sure. The line of the heart says so."

"Heart lines, old chap!" said Jim, nudging me.

"What did you say?" asked the voice.

"Nothing," I answered. "What you heard was a hitherto honored and respected friend being kicked. But I say, tell me. When shall I be engaged?"

"Before the end of the week."

"Hi! Jim, quick!" I shrieked. What's the day now?"

"The thirteenth," said Jim.

I shot a glance of scorn and loathing at him.

"Sorry, old man," he said, hurriedly. "It's Saturday."

"Why—good Lord—then I shall get engaged to-night!"

"Why not?" asked Jim.

"Why not? O, you idiot! She's not even in the house. She's in London."

"Who is?"

"Who?—why—O, nobody. You see what I mean. There's nobody in the house that—"

"It's no good," said James with a grin.

"You've given yourself away."

I turned back to the curtain.

GEORGE FRISBIE HOAR, STATESMAN.



GEORGE F. HOAR

In the death of George Frisbie Hoar, of Massachusetts, the United States Senate loses one of its most honored and influential members and the country a statesman of a type which is growing rare. It has been said that the chiefest of a nation's liars is he who writes the epitaphs of a nation's dead; yet the work of the man who chisels "Statesman" on the monument of George Frisbie Hoar is as ruggedly honest as is the enduring stone.

Senator Hoar was one of the few surviving representatives of the "old school" which dominated in public affairs before the era of so-called commercialism set its seal upon American politics. Like Webster and Clay and Sumner, of ante-bellum days, and like Trumbull and Morrill and Vest of the later period, Senator Hoar revered the Constitution and measured his Americanism by the Declaration of Rights. With him, as with them, politics was a sentiment in which "business" had no place.

Senator Hoar was splendidly equipped for his position as a leader among American statesmen. He was of scholarly tastes and inclinations. His general learning was vast and his familiarity with the details of national administrative work was extraordinary. While not an orator as the word is usually accepted, he had the eloquence that comes of sincere conviction and the capacity for intense feeling. He will be remembered not so much for these gifts, however, as for his determined devotion to principle, his high ideals and his absolute freedom from any sort of participation in the game of politics as played by the average politician. In this he has set a standard of disinterested patriotism which is altogether too rare.

"Are you still there?" I asked. "Are you there, are you there, are you there, are you—"

"I've finished, thank you," came the voice.

"But are you quite sure about being engaged by the end of the week?"

"Quite, quite sure," said the voice a little shakily.

James and I went out.

"Who is she?" I asked. "I didn't recognize the voice."

"Oh, she'd take good care about that."

"Well, anyhow, it's impossible."

We entered the refreshment tent and drank things. Jim tried to be facetious about my rapidly approaching engagement. He even misquoted poetry to me. Things about love and so on.

"Did you make that up yourself?" I said wearily. "It's very bad."

"Why, it's Shakespeare, man," he said indignantly.

"O, I thought it was you."

"I don't mind having it," he said. "Kindly observe the new Swan of Avon."

"Are swans such great drinkers, then? I didn't know."

"You're in a nasty horrid temper, and I shall leave you," said Brocklebank.

I watched him go through the door of the tent. Some one was coming up. He went on and spoke to her. It was a lady. He came back with her and brought her up to me. Good Lord! It was Kate!

"He'll give you tea," said James.

"I must go. Good-by."

He raised his hat and went off.

"It is impossible," I said.

"Well, what's the matter?" asked Kate. "Aren't you glad to see me?"

"Go away. You're in London."

"I've just this moment come. You knew I was coming, didn't you?"

"No, I've hardly seen any one. I've only just come myself. Why, what train—"

"Never mind the train," said Kate, hurriedly. "I want some tea."

We had tea. All the time I was wondering if I dared "to put it to the touch, to win or lose it all." At last I took out a penny and tossed it. If it turned tail, why then, so would I. But if not—

"Heads," said Kate.

"It is. That settles it. After all, who am I to blast the reputation of a respectable and, for aught I know, beautiful palmist?"

"I don't know what you are talking about," complained Kate.

"Kate," I said, impressively, "it's written on my hand"—and I showed her my hand—"that I shall get engaged to-day."

"Is that what they call shorthand?"

"It's palmistry. The line of heart has done something exuberant."

"Well, I hope she'll have you," said Kate.

"Do you think she will?"

"You should ask her."

"I am," I said, and I took her hand.

"Dear, do you think she will?"

"I don't know," said Kate, looking down. "Perhaps she might."

"Only perhaps? Kate, say you're sure she will."

"Quite, quite sure," said a voice.

Something in the words struck me.

She looked up at me with a smile. Then I began to understand.

"Kate!" I cried.

"Isn't it a beautiful day?" said Kate.—Black and White.

SOME LIVELY BALLOONING

Aeronauts Caught in Menacing Thunder Pack with Active Lightning.

For the first mile while slowly rising, the balloon zigzagged between the lower currents, until at approximately 3,000 feet it encountered a main sweep of air, which at that height was following the course of the valley below. The horizon had been clear at starting and the impression was as we sailed along in the current that we should have a fair passage, unless some cloud, not yet apparent, in our wake could ride after us and overtake us at a higher level, where wind velocity is generally greater. Perhaps, therefore, we paid insufficient heed to a murky veil ahead of us, which began gathering and deepening and blotted out the view. We were soon enveloped in this gray curtain and thus its true appearance was lost to us; but at Newbury, our starting ground, a large crowd was watching us entering a vast and most menacing thunder pack, and was wondering why we did not come down.

The first real warning which we had of our predicament was a flash of lightning close on our quarter, answered by another on our other side, and almost before we could realize it we found we were in the very focus of a furious storm which was being borne on an upper wind, and a wild conflict was already raging around us. There was our own fast current carrying us westward; there was the storm cloud slightly above us hurrying to the east, and added to these there now descended a pitiless down draught of ice cold air and hail. We were doubtless in a cloud which was discharging lightning over a wide area, each flash, however, issuing from the immediate vicinity of the balloon, and the idea formed on the writer's mind was that many flashes were level—that is, as if from one part of the cloud to another. Any that reached the ground must from our known position have been at least a mile long.

There was another idea forced upon the party, which was that they would be more comfortable and far safer elsewhere, and when suitable opportunity occurred a descent was made to earth.—Longman's Magazine.

Main Allegation True.

Mrs. Gadabout—People are saying you called on Mrs. Verdigris the other day and got a setback.

Mrs. Upjohn—What a willful perversion of truth! I called on her and got a set of Dickens back that I'd lent her two years before.—Chicago Tribune.

Don't Brag.

"Don't brag because you happens to be a little lucky," said Uncle Eben.

"If de heu wouldn't cackle so loud about de egg she done laid de white folks wouldn't be so li'ble to rob de nes!"—Washington Star.

When it comes to calling people from their beds the fire bell double discounts the church bell.

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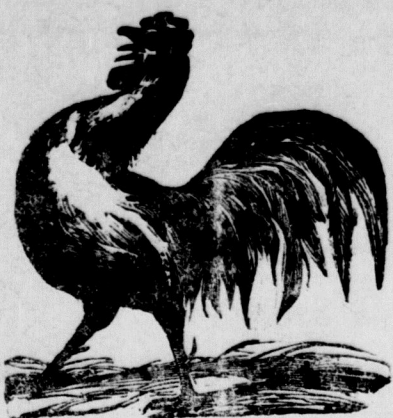
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House Broker,
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SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO CAL.



TOWN NEWS

A quiet election.
Back to business.
Real estate rising.
Better buy a lot now.
Watch the town grow.
Power and light in sight.
Bay Shore Cut-off building.
Get ready for Thanksgiving.
Pull together for the good of our town.

Mrs. Mills of Volta is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Wm. Atkins.

The wife of Antonio Ferro gave birth to a son at Santa Clara on Monday.

Antonio Guerra has leased one of the Healy cottages on Grand avenue.

F. O. Eden has rented and occupied one of the Neugebauer cottages on Grand avenue.

Bob Minary came up from the county hospital on Tuesday to vote. Bob is fast recovering.

Frank McMahon was in town Wednesday calling on old friends. Frank is in the employ of the S. P. Co. at San Francisco.

James Douglas was run over by one of Erickson's wagons on Friday of last week and had his ankle crushed. He was taken to the county hospital for treatment.

Real estate bought and sold; houses rented; taxes paid; conveyancing done; leases and other legal papers drawn by E. E. Cunningham, real estate agent and notary public. Post-office building.

On Sunday last at Trinity church, San Francisco, Rev. Clappett officiating, Mr. Frank O. Eden and Miss Maud L. Benson were joined in the bonds of wedlock. Mr. and Mrs. Eden have set up a home and begun housekeeping in one of the Neugebauer cottages on Grand avenue.

If you desire to feel safe, sleep sound and fortify your credit, don't fail to have a policy of fire insurance to cover your property, and to secure such protection in sound companies, call on E. E. Cunningham, at Postoffice building.

VOTE OF BADEN PRECINCT.

Republican Electors	206
Democratic	91
Socialist	44
Prohibition	1

Republican Congress, E. A. Hayes	186
Democratic	Wm. J. Wynn, 140
Socialist	F. R. Whitney, 13

Rep. State Senator, S. H. Rambo	176
Dem.	Edw'd White, 148

Rep. Assemblyman, R. H. Jury	206
Dem.	Jas. Callan, 111

Rep. Superv'r, Julius Eikerenkotter	232
Dem.	Jas. T. Casey, 111

VOTE OF COLMA PRECINCT.

Republican Electors	212
Democratic	107
Socialist	18

Republican Judges, Lorigan	166
Dem.	Dooling, 126
Socialist	Walker, 14

Republican Congress, E. A. Hayes	130
Democratic	Wm. J. Wynn, 181
Socialist	F. R. Whitney, 12

Rep. State Senator, S. H. Rambo	131
Dem.	Edw'd White, 173

Rep. Assemblyman, R. H. Jury	143
Dem.	Jas. Callan, 181

Rep. Superv'r, Julius Eikerenkotter	114
Dem.	Jas. T. Casey, 221

VOTE OF MILLBRAE PRECINCT.

Republican Electors	59
Democratic	29
Socialist	2

Republican Judge, W. G. Lorigan	49
Democratic	M. T. Dooling, 32

Republican Congress, E. A. Hayes	49
Democratic	Wm. J. Wynn, 35

Rep. State Senator, S. H. Rambo	42
Dem.	Edw'd White, 45

Rep. Assemblyman, R. H. Jury	56
Dem.	Jas. Callan, 29

Rep. Superv'r, Julius Eikerenkotter	41
Dem.	Jas. T. Casey, 47

REAL ESTATE NOTES.

A. M. Sylvia, principal, has purchased lot No. 39 in block No. 101. Mr. Sylvia is having plans drawn for a \$2000 residence, which he proposes to have built at once.

R. J. Carroll has bought of W. J. Martin the E. 1/2 of lot No. 8 in block No. 124.

A. F. Schmidt has bought lot No. 12 in block No. 100.

Ellen O'Leary has purchased lot No. 9 in block No. 126.

Mr. J. Bruno has the frame up for

a dwelling on his lot in block No. 124. The Michenfelder flats building is enclosed.

PLANTS GIVEN FOR EXPERIMENTS.

Products of Japan to Be Tried at the Chico National Garden.

Chico.—The national plant garden located near this city has received from Japan a large shipment of valuable plants and bulbs, consisting of bamboo, the Japanese salad plant, ornamental lily seeds, Japanese paper plant, cherry trees and orange trees. The shipment consisted of thirty-five cases, of over five tons weight.

A large part of the shipment will be retained here, and the balance sent to Washington. The products retained here will be cared for by Government officials with the endeavor to propagate and develop them. The Japanese paper plant is especially promising, as well as the bamboo plants. Both are used extensively in Japan.

The bamboo grows to a large size and is unsurpassed for small furniture. The salad plant may prove of much value as a vegetable. The cherry trees consist of fifty varieties. The entire shipment arrived in good shape.

Santa Fe Robbed By Employees.

San Bernardino.—A negro porter employed by the Santa Fe Company accepted \$15 from a rather well dressed hobo the other night to arrange for his reaching Kansas City. When the train reached Barstow during the night the "hobo" was nowhere to be found, but there was a telegram discharging the porter. The company has placed a number of detectives in the disguise of tramps and vagrants on the trail of suspected tramen and the expectation is that some of the freight men will also be caught.

RULE FOR PAYMENT OF WATER RATES.

It Will Be Enforced.

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company has directed the local collector to give notice of and rigidly enforce its rules for the payment of the water rates in this town. The November water rate must be paid on or before the last day of November. If not paid the water will in every instance be shut off on the 1st day of December and it will cost one dollar extra in every instance to have the water again turned on. This rule will apply to every month in the year; that is to say, the water rate MUST be paid within or before the end of the current month. No exceptions will be made and this rule will be rigidly enforced.

ADVANTAGES OF SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO AS A MANUFACTURING CENTER.

A low tax rate.
An equable and healthful climate.
The only deep water on the peninsula south of San Francisco.

Directly on the Bay Shore line of the Southern Pacific Railway and only ten miles from the foot of Market street, San Francisco.

A ship canal which enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

An independent railroad system, which provides ample switching facilities to every industry.

Waterworks with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district.

Thirty-four hundred acres of land in one compact body fronting on the bay of San Francisco, affording cheap and advantageous sites for all sorts of factories.

Several large industries already in actual and successful operation.

An extensive and fine residence district, where workmen may secure land at reasonable prices and on favorable terms, as homes for themselves and their families.

NOTICE.

Owners of impounded stock are hereby notified that in case of my absence from the Pound they can obtain their stock by applying at the stockyard office and paying charges.

A. T. SHERMAN, Poundkeeper.

CHOICE OF ALL ROUTES EAST.

Is offered by Southern Pacific. You want the best—the one that suits you best. Don't make any arrangements until you have learned of the magnificent limited trains and personally conducted excursions in new Pullman tourist cars of our different routes. G. W. Holston, Southern Pacific Agent South San Francisco, will sell you a ticket, reserve you a berth, or write to Paul Shoup, D. F. and P. A., 26 South First street, San Jose.

REWARD.

A reward of \$5 will be paid for information leading to the detection of the person or persons who have been committing nuisances at Guild Hall. The information will be treated as confidential and not divulged to the injury of the informer.

W. J. MARTIN.

REWARD!!!

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company offer a reward of \$10 for information leading to arrest and conviction of person or persons maliciously damaging its property.

NOTICE!

For the accommodation of those having business with the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, its office in the Postoffice building will be open hereafter on Sundays between the hours of 4 and 5 o'clock p. m.

W. J. MARTIN, Land Agent.

NEAR THE FOUR MILLION MARK.

October Shipments to Orient From San Francisco Break All Records.

San Francisco.—California's trade with the Orient in October was without a precedent for volume and value. In addition to the clearings of the regular liners, all of which are now of a larger capacity than in former years, monster steamers were dispatched, one of which carried a full cargo of flour, the first of the kind this year, while the other carried a record cargo, valued at nearly \$1,500,000.

The value of the merchandise and produce shipments from San Francisco to the Orient in October was \$3,837,302, which is more than one-half of the total shipments to all ports in that month.

In the same months last year the shipments to the Orient from this port were valued at \$1,333,335. The difference between these two totals represents what the war between Russia and Japan is doing for the business of California.

Clerks Count Cash Against Time.

Chicago.—A money counting and adding contest has been held at the First National Bank under the auspices of the American Institute of Bank Clerks. Twelve packages of mixed bank bills of \$5, \$10 and \$20 denominations and aggregating \$6000 each were carried into a cage under the guard of twelve policemen. Twelve representatives from as many Chicago banks sorted the money, "proved" it, counted it into \$500 packages, strapped it up and initialed it under the critical gaze of 500 of their fellow clerks. The first prize was won by Lemoyne S. Hatch of the First National Bank in 21 minutes 4 1/2 seconds. Neatness, accuracy and speed were the essential points.

The most valuable lessons of life are given us by those who wrong us. Bless your enemies.

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Assets, - - - \$178,000.00.

Loans made on the Ordinary or Definite Contract plans, paying out in from five to twelve years as may be desired, with privilege of partial or total repayment before maturity.
No ADVANCE PREMIUM or unnecessary expense.

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Redwood City, Cal.

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HOURS: 1 to 4 and 6:30 to 7:30 P. M.

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MARKET REPORT.

CATTLE—All classes of cattle offered freely, general market steady, with best grades of steers firm, cows easier.
SHEEP AND LAMBS—Desirable sheep and lambs not plentiful, meeting ready sales at strong prices.
HOGS—Not plentiful, in good demand, market strong to higher.
PROVISIONS—Provisions are in fair demand.

LIVESTOCK—The quoted prices are per lb (less 50 per cent shrinkage on cattle), delivered and weighed in San Francisco, stock to be fat and merchantable.

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HOGS—Hard, grain fed, 125 to 225 lbs, 4 1/2c; over 250 to 300 lbs, 4 1/4c; rough undesirable hogs, 3 1/4c; hogs weighing under 125 lbs, 4 1/4c.

SHEEP—No. 1 Wethers, 3 1/4c; No. 1 Ewes, 2 3/4c; Suckling Lambs, 4 1/4c per lb, live weight.

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FRESH MEAT—Wholesale Butchers' prices for whole carcasses.

BEEF—Market strong on good, heavy Steers; other grades Beef weak.—First quality steers, 6 1/4c; second quality, 5 1/4c; third quality 4 1/4c; thin steers, 3 1/4c; first quality cows and heifers, 5 1/2c; second quality, 4 1/2c; third quality, 4 1/4c.

VEAL—Large, 6 1/2c; medium, 7 1/2c; small, good, 8 1/2c.

MUTTON—Market firm—Wethers, heavy, 6 1/2c; light, 7 1/2c; Heavy Ewes, 5 1/2c; Light Ewes, 5 1/4c; Spring Lambs No. 1, 8 1/2c; fair Lambs, 7 1/2c.

DRESSED HOGS—Hard, 7 1/2c.

PROVISIONS—Hams, 12 @ 12 1/2c; picnic hams, 9c; Boiled Hams, skin on, 17 1/2c; skin off, 19 1/2c.

BACON—Ex. Lt. S. C. bacon, 15 1/2c; light S. C. bacon, 14 1/2c; med. bacon, clear, 10 1/2c; Lt. med. bacon, clear, 10 1/2c; clear, light bacon, 12 1/2c; clear ex. light bacon, 13c.

BEEF—Extra Family, bbl, \$10.50; do, hf-bbl, \$5.50; Family Beef, bbl, \$10.00; hf-bbl, \$5.25; Extra Mess, bbl, \$10.00; do, hf-bbl, \$5.25.

PORK—Dry Salted Clear Sides, heavy, 9 1/2c; do, light, 9 1/2c; do, Bellies, 10 1/2c; Clear, bbls., \$19.00; hf-bbls., \$9.75; Soused Pigs' Feet, hf-bbls., \$5.00; 25-lb. kegs, \$2.10; kits, \$1.25.

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TOILERS OF THE COLUMBIA

By Paul De Lancy

Author of "Lord of the Desert," "Oregon Sketches," and other Pacific Coast Stories

CHAPTER I.

The Storm.

"Down she went!"
"All aboard were lost."
"She made a gallant fight."
"See! She comes to the surface again!"

The foregoing exclamations came from a group of fishermen who stood upon the shores of Baker's bay and watched a ship battling with the waves on the Columbia bar.

The rain fell in long, slanting, twisting sheets. It appeared as if the heavens were a vast waterfall swayed and tossed by all of the gods of fury. The wind howled and moaned like a powerful monster, making the earth and everything upon it tremble while it pursued its way as steady as a tide from the deep.

Trees bended their boughs to the ground and writhed and quivered to the end of their tiniest roots. Houses rocked and swayed like a weather vane upon their foundations. The more timid of the men and the women and children, though accustomed to storms, crouched and trembled with awed expression upon their faces as they listened to the deafening din which was sweeping the earth.

The waters at the broad mouth of the Columbia river arose like wild steeds as they met the storm-driven waves of the Pacific and battled with them for supremacy. The combatting elements formed like a mountain range along the bar, showing, with the rapidity of a kaleidoscopic view, peaks, gulches and canyons as the waters rose and clinched and then fell and divided for another attack.

Nature gave her picture additional grandeur by the coloring. The approach of night through such a storm, while there was still enough shaded light to cast a lurid haze over the scene, the mingling of the blood-red waters of the river with the green and white of ocean streaked the whole with a hue emblematic of contest and death.

The tides from the deep seemed to be angered by the battle above their heads and rose higher and higher, with a power that made the rock-bound shores shake, to crush out the wild contest between river and waves. The spray dashed up even to the timber belt above the beach, creating a fog on the windows of the high-perched light-house that made the newly lighted lamp appear dim, and the whole mountain range along the coast to the north quivered to its foundation while staying the mighty rush of the waters from the ocean.

A group of fishermen stood at a point on the shores of the bay. They were drenched to the skin, but they did not mind this. They were more intent upon watching an object battling for its life on the bar of the river. It was these who had made the exclamations given at the introduction of this chapter.

It was the severest storm for many years. They had been partially drawn, practically thrown ashore in their crude fishing boats by the receding waters from the conflict between ocean and river. While anxious eyes watched them from the windows of the fishing village in the rear, which was wrapped in the landstorm, they looked more anxiously out to sea. Having been handled so mercilessly by the waters which had spent their fury and were retreating from the battle at the bar, they trembled at the fate of an object which they discovered in the center of the raging conflict.

It tossed and leaped and rose and fell like a wounded and bewildered animal pierced by a bullet from some hunter's rifle. Now on a peak, which shot up like a rocket from the depths below; now on the brink of a deep canyon, formed in the twinkling of an eye; now on a narrow ledge pending over a deep abyss, and then in the depths of a gulch, whose watery walls were crashing down upon it—then it disappeared from view!

"Down she went!" said one fisherman.

"All aboard were lost," said another.

"She made a gallant fight," remarked a third.

"See! She comes to the surface again!" exclaimed the man who had first spoken.

The ship had instantly appeared again. But it writhed in the roaring surf like a stricken serpent. It had been a fine rigged sailing vessel, but now it was a mere hull with part of a deck and a few stumps of masts left. It had been the pride of a country and, like a brave soldier wounded and disarmed, it was fighting the enemy even in its dying gasps.

It lunged this way and that. One moment it careened on its side; another it stood on its beam; then it reared up like an animal in desperation, and with the agility of a cat regained its position on a wild wave and rode it with a gallantry that charmed the fishermen. Then lost for a moment it appeared again as if it had been discharged from one of Neptune's greatest guns stationed on a moor of the deep.

"Bravo!" shouted a fisherman.

"She deserves to live," said another.

"But look!" shrieked a third.

The shattered vessel had crossed the bar and was heading straight for Sand Island. Caught on the receding waters she was dragged mercilessly toward her doom.

The storm grew stronger in its fury. As if angry at the prolonged life of the dismantled ship, it gathered over the spot where it was making its last feeble fight to live. The sheets of rain grew thicker, the steady wind grew stronger, the waves dashed together behind her and broke high up into the air. Then they broke apart and those receding sent the vessel on more rapidly. The spray from the ocean and the sheets of rain from the heavens formed a veil which obscured all for a brief time.

The fishermen stood like statues for a few moments. Night was closing in. But for one brief instant there was a glimmer from the departing day and the men ashore saw the stranded vessel standing with nose in the sand while the victorious waves were pounding her at a rate that must soon break her to pieces.

But to render aid to those aboard the sinking ship was impossible. No earthly craft could live in such a sea. Slowly and sadly the toilers of the Columbia wended their way to their homes in the village where they told the story of the wreck.

CHAPTER II.

Age and Infancy Drift Ashore.

With the closing in of darkness the storm abated. As if rebuked by the deep shades of night it skulked away like a subdued trespasser. Only its rumbling, disappearing footsteps could be heard in the distance.

But for the booming of old ocean's mad waves, who seemed to feel that she had conquered all within her grasp and was reaching out her arms for the sky and rocks to catch all above and about her, a stillness would have prevailed such as only exists in a calm after a great storm.

The fishermen began to emerge from their homes. The news of the terrible fate of the ship and her crew had spread about the village. While there was none of those hardy fellows who would dare the white-capped waves, yet they could not sleep while succor might be rendered in some manner.

Beacon lights were kindled upon the hills along the shore and above the safe landing places so that if any craft should have survived the storm it might steer for the place where landing did not mean certain death, though the best was hazardous.

"More wood!" they shouted, as the fires began to die down and in every direction spectre-like forms were seen moving about like shadows among the big trees that lined the hills near the shore.

Others lined up near the water's edge with ropes in hand, and strained their eyes and ears for a glimpse or a sound that would direct them to a place where humanity's most charitable act could be bestowed.

But it was a night of work and vigilance without reward. No object was seen, not a sound heard save that of the receding waters as they returned to the deep from which they came.

The sun shot above the horizon the following morning with a flash. The sky was as clear as a crystal. The waters were as smooth on the bay as a lawn. Only out on the bar did an occasional whitecap show its head.

The beach was soon lined with men, women and children. The smoldering fires on the hillside sent swirling streams of white smoke straight toward the heavens. The great trees above the beach had straightened their boughs and no evidence remained of the battle with the storm save the broken limbs and the high piles of driftwood that littered the shore.

On the approach of a newcomer a first glance was cast out over the bay. It was followed by a cloud of disappointment on his or her face. Sand Island had claimed many victims and another disaster was to be added to her record.

Buried deep into her sands was the hull of another vessel. Only a few stumps of masts remained above the wreck. Strain their eyes as they would under the shadow of their hands or through their strongest glasses, not a living thing could be discovered on or about the remains of the vessel which had made such a gallant fight the previous day.

Suddenly a boat shot out from the shore to the east. An involuntary hiss escaped through the lips of the other fishermen. It was old Seadog and his boys. They had slept through the night while others kept the beacon fires burning. They were not now on a mission of charity bent. They had gone for plunder before.

But old Seadog had other motives in view. His keen eyes had pierced deeper into the storm the previous day. He had also been reading the marine news, besides letters and newspapers from a foreign land. He thought he recognized the vessel's country, by the vessel itself and had a motive for being first aboard should his surmise be true.

On they dashed, propelled by the skilled oarsmen, growing less and less until like young jackals they lifted their boat on the sands and climbed over into the hull of the stranded vessel.

The people began to break away in small groups. They were silent but old Seadog and his boys were condemned in the minds of many. Still they did not know the real motive that prompted the land pirates.

The men scattered up and down the

beach that they might find whether any evidence of the vessel or her crew had drifted ashore. This had always been their custom and small boats and dead bodies had often been found even so soon after great catastrophes.

In a few hours the searchers began to return to the village empty-handed. As they came each reported in turn that nothing had been found. It had been a severe storm, however, and everything had probably been dashed to pieces against the rocks about Cape Disappointment, and the bodies of the crew, they thought had been sent to the bottom of the sea or were lashed to the remnants of the vessel where all must be dead.

The forward party which followed the beach toward the ocean, and had proceeded about a mile was startled by a noise while climbing among the driftwood in a little cove.

"A wharf rat!" exclaimed one.

"No, a weasel," said another.

"It is the voice of a human being, as sure as you live!" shouted a third, who was nearer the sound than the others.

"On then," replied the man who had first spoken.

The members of the party all rushed to the place from which the sound emanated.

"Didn't I tell you?" said the man who had proclaimed it a human voice, when he reached the place.

"Well, I told you that it was a small human being, and it is," replied the man who had pronounced the cry as coming from a wharf rat.

"It's mate is old enough for you," remarked one of the fishermen.

"Yes, but he is of little use now, he is dead," was the reply.

"Not much, see, he opens his eyes!" shouted one of them joyfully.

A sad picture, yet one that gave pleasure to the fishermen, presented itself. A short, stout old man, with gray hair and whiskers, lay lashed to a broken spar of a ship. He was probably three score and ten. The spar lay upon his right leg and he could not move. Had this not been the case he could never have released himself from the timber, for he was numb and dazed, more dead than living and the chords had drawn deep into his body. But in the aged man's clasp, like that of the dead, he held close to his heart a crying infant.

CHAPTER III.

Old Seadog Rejoices.

Long before the old man and the child were found, other fishermen had launched their boats and had pulled out on the bay.

Some went to the fishtraps and others made straight across to the wreck.

But old Seadog had prepared to go aboard the stranded vessel and to hold it against all comers until he should carry out his plans. Firearms had been secreted in his small boat before leaving shore and these were transferred to the wreck.

One of the boys was left on guard while the old man leading the others went on a searching tour of the ship.

They soon found that the vessel possessed but little that was of value for it had discharged its cargo at San Francisco, and had come to the Columbia for a return consignment.

But it was not wealth of the kind that the world considers valuable that old Seadog was looking for, it was that which would remove all cloud from the title to his own wealth.

It was while thus engaged in ransacking the unfortunate vessel that the advance guard of the fishermen arrived in their small boats. Old Seadog was always first appealed to by his sons before action was taken and the one on guard called to his father and informed him of the approach of their neighbors.

The old man rushed upon deck and seizing a gun, he presented it and said: "Upon your lives, come no closer, men! Stop where you are and return to your boats or I will shoot!"

"What right have you to the craft?" asked the bolder of the party.

"The right of salvage men, the right of salvage! We were first to board her after she went aground," replied the old man.

"Well, we will report you to the law," shouted one of the fishermen as they left the place, some returning to the village and others pulling for their traps further up the bay.

(To be continued)

Dug Into a Wolf's Den.

An Oklahoma named Lawson had an unpleasant experience while visiting his brother-in-law, Milo Blodgett, who lives near Adobe Walls in the Texas panhandle. Lawson went wolf-hunting alone. Next day his horse was found saddled, but without a bridle. Blodgett summoned about thirty neighbors and began searching for Lawson, who was located after nearly a day's hunt. His feet were sticking from the top of a wolf den and about three feet of dirt rested on his body. Lawson was so fastened that he could not extricate himself.

He had dug down in the wolf den about five feet on a slant in a manner something like the entrance to a dug-out, then lay down in his trench to reach in after some coyote pups. He caught one and threw it out and it is supposed that this frightened his horse, which was tied to a bunch of bear grass near the hole. The horse, making a lunge, caused the banks to cave, the dirt falling on the prostrate body of the man, covering his body and head. The dirt caught him with his arms stretched out in front so he could not use them to much advantage, but he managed to work his hands and shove the dirt down the hole until his head was uncovered and he could get air from the top. He lay in this position from 5 o'clock Thursday afternoon till 10 o'clock Sunday morning.—Kansas City Star.

Laplancers have been known to skate a distance of 150 miles in one day.

EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

Electricity on the farm.

FARMERS throughout the country, especially those living near rivers and streams, will be delighted with the information that, in their nearness to such streams, there is now found the opportunity of making farm life more pleasant and comfortable. In fact, all of the comfort and conveniences that are at the hand of the dweller in the city are now at the hand of the farmer. Recent reports from the Department of Agriculture call attention to the fact that every small stream is a natural dynamo for the generation of the subtle fluid. By means of small mill dams thrown across the stream and the erection of little electrical plants, that are very low in cost, it is now possible for the farmer to have his barns, stables and houses lighted as brilliantly at night as the "white light district" in any city. More than this, the current can easily be applied to certain classes of vegetables that need to be rushed for marketing, thus increasing the income of the farmer. The great wave of invention with which our country is blessed blesses with its beneficial tides all classes of people, none of whom are more deserving of blessing than the one from whom all our support comes. A new era is dawning for the farmer, a brighter day is coming, the eventuation of which will be a stronger and a better manhood in America. With farms made attractive, by the advent of good literature, good light with which to read, and good methods for cultivation of the land, the people of America will revert more and more to the country, thus keeping the fountain head of our national life strong and unpolluted.—Pittsburg Press.

Extravagant Living.

WE have it on the authority of the Board of Trade that extravagant living is a marked feature of many of the bankruptcy cases with which it deals. The number of failures recorded last year was higher than it had been since 1894, and in some of the larger cases excessive household expenditure obviously contributed to the bankrupt's ruin. It seems to be a common thing for a business man to live handsomely whether he is making a profit or a loss. The inspector-general in bankruptcy mentions one case in which a debtor spent \$2,000 a year, while he was losing \$7,000 a year in his business. Another man for fourteen years spent \$1,400 a year when he was only making \$500 net profit. These cases are typical, it is believed, of many small bankruptcies, as well as of the larger failures. They may be sometimes explained by negligent bookkeeping, but they are, in the main, suggestive of the craving for luxury which is one of the worst features of our time. The standard of living among the rich has been raised to an excessive degree, and those who would like to be thought rich try to follow the lead set by the big financiers and mining magnates who are to our day what the Indian Nabobs were to the England of George III. People who live beyond their means are tempted to speculate, and the bankruptcy records show the inevitable result. A course of plain living and high thinking would be good for the morals of society, and good for legitimate trade.—London Chronicle.

The Poor Man in Politics.

THE poor man is in the majority in this country, and the majority should rule. It is, however, a deplorable fact that the majority does not rule, that is the majority composed of the poor man. He may not be aware of the fact, but it is a fact nevertheless that for more than two generations he has been surrendering little by little his voice in government, and becoming more and more merely the means to the end employed by the rich man. In other words the poor man has now become merely a vote to be counted in the battle of ballots directed by the rich men of the country. The poor man in politics amounts to but a very little more than the ballot which he casts.

That the poor man should have so degenerated political

THE STORY OF A SQUIRREL.

He Was a Jolly Little Mischief, This Disturber of Brown House.

He was small and plump, of a reddish-brown color, with a beautiful bushy tail curling over his back. Have you guessed that he was a squirrel? Then look up his name in the dictionary, and you will find out why he was called Chickaree.

He lived in the trees behind the Brown house, waiting for the butter-nuts to get ripe. A big butternut tree grew close by the fence. Mr. Squirrel's bright eyes had spied the nuts early in the summer, and he made up his mind to have them—every one. So, as soon as the ripe nuts began to fall with a thump to the ground, Chickaree was to be seen—as busy as a bee all day long, storing up food for next winter.

The two ladies who lived in the Brown house used to watch him from the windows, and were never tired of saying how cunning he was, and how glad they were to have him get the butternuts. He must have a snug little nest in some tree near by—he would carry off a nut and be back again so quickly. But, though they watched carefully, they never could discover where the nest was, and by and by they gave up watching and forgot all about him.

One morning, late in October, Miss Anne came to breakfast rather late and cross, saying to her sister: "Sally, I believe this house is full of rats! There was such a racket last night I hardly slept a wink!"

Miss Sally had slept soundly, and she laughed at the idea. Rat? There had never been rats in that house. It was just "Anne's nonsense!"

Miss Anne still insisted, and was awakened almost every night by the noise. "The rats in the barn have moved into the house for the winter," she said. So the rat trap was brought from the barn, baited with cheese, and placed close to a hole in the underpinning, which looked as if it might be a rat hole. There it stayed till the trap grew rusty and the cheese moldy, but no rat was caught.

One day Miss Sally brought home a bag of peanut candy—"peanut brittle,"

she called it; and to keep it cool overnight she put it in the workshop, where were kept the hammers and nails, the woodbox and garden tools. This shop opened into Miss Anne's studio, and had an outside door near the butternut tree.

The candy was forgotten until the next afternoon, when Miss Anne went to get a piece. All that she found was a heap of torn and sticky paper. Every scrap of peanut brittle was gone!

"Those rats!" she exclaimed. "But how did they get in here?"

The "how" was soon explained. Near the outside door they found a hole in the floor.

Miss Sally was indignant, and, putting a thick board over the hole, pounded in enough wire nails to keep out a regiment of rats.

As they stood in the open door a butternut dropped at their feet, and Miss Sally, in a flash, exclaimed: "Anne, do you think it could be that squirrel?—the nuts in the candy, you know?"

But Miss Anne thought not. "The noises in the attic—that could not be a squirrel. There are wire screens in the windows—he could not possibly get in."

"Couldn't he? That same afternoon as Miss Anne crossed the yard, she saw the squirrel, with a nut in his mouth, spring from the fence to the low shed roof, then to the house roof and suddenly vanish under the eaves. And, looking with all her eyes, she spied a small round hole.

The mystery was explained; this was the candy thief and the "rat" that danced jigs in the garret night after night!—St. Nicholas.

CHARM OF MONT ST. MICHEL.

For One Traveler Isolation of Picturesque Spot Is Its Distinction.

My stay in Mont St. Michel extended long beyond the usual day's outing, but I never got over my first impression. From my balcony, and from the pretty arbor in the garden where I ate my first breakfast, I looked down upon a wonderful collection of old houses, all turrets and tumbled roofs, and then out upon an endless stretch

ly is something that cannot be easily understood. As a citizen he has every right that his more fortunate brother has, he has every privilege that the rich man has. In proportion to his possession of worldly goods he has even greater responsibility to himself and these dependent on him, for he has not only his political duties to be discharged according as the welfare of his country may direct, but the further duty of restraining those who would profit at the expense of the country, which means at the expense of himself. The poor man has both an offensive and defensive part to play in the politics of this country, and the ability with which he plays his part determines his status, not simply in politics but in citizenship. If his lot be hard his neglect of duty will make it still harder. If conditions surrounding him be discouraging, his performance of duty may alleviate them.

It is useless for the poor man to cry out against the rich man, for he can accomplish nothing in the protection and promotion of his own interests in this way. What he needs to do if he would improve his condition, if he would exercise all the rights and privileges of citizenship, is to assert those rights and maintain them by the constitutional means and methods which it is his duty to use. He may indulge in political theories, but such indulgence only postpones the time when he must, if he would rise, become something more than the ballot he casts, the man who is counted.—Portland Oregonian.

Universal Languages.

NOW it is Boston that proposes a universal means of communication—an alphabet by which to indicate the pronunciation of words in the leading European languages. Boston University has begun the work of devising such an alphabet, and invites the opinion of the scientific world on the advisability of having a conference to adopt it.

No real language ever began operations full-grown as Minerva emerged from the head of Jupiter, according to Latin and Greek legend. Probably the only alphabet that was complete when it was first used was that devised nearly eighty years ago by George Guess, the lame Cherokee Indian. A language grows; an alphabet grows. It is not made by scientific men, either. So it is not too bold to predict that the conference at Boston University will not amount to very much. It may turn out an excellent alphabet. But excellent alphabets have already been devised by persons who fain would reform pronunciation or spelling. They have had only one fault—they were not alive, and the people who use alphabets would not have them.

Universal alphabets and languages almost without number have been devised. Each has had its day. Twenty-five years ago a German priest, Father Johann Schleyer, invented "Volapuk," which had a longer day than most artificial languages. Thousands of persons studied it. There were several hundred clubs devoted to the exploitation of the new tongue. Three or four conventions of "Volapukards," or speakers of Volapuk, were held. But no one speaks Volapuk now. The universal language flourishing just now is Esperanto. It is three or four years old. But even within a year another full-grown universal speech has been devised and offered to the world. If this goes on there will have to be a sort of clearing house for universal languages.

Only two languages ever filled the place which the modern artificial tongues are intended to fill. One of these was Latin, which for centuries served as the language of most of the world. Even yet a man who can speak Latin can make his way wherever there are even partly educated men. The other was French, which until twenty-eight years ago was the language of diplomacy and of travel. In the times of the Crusades, between five and eight hundred years ago, the Lingua Franca served to make East and West understand one another. Its base was Italian, and to that were added French and Turkish and Arabic words. By it Crusader and Moslem could speak together, and Crusaders of the South with those of the North. It still exists, but with no pretensions to be called universal.—Chicago American.

of sands, crossed and recrossed by innumerable streams running in long, flowing lines and beautiful curves, the color changing with the flight of the clouds and the journeying of the sun across the heavens.

I could sit there for hours, watching the light wander over the gray level, or waiting for the tide to come in and widen the Couesnon—the river that separates Normandy from Brittany—into an enormous bay, and never was there a moment of monotony. Of the abbey, higher on the hill behind me, nothing was to be seen, except in the late afternoon, when it threw a gigantic shadow across the sands.

Mont St. Michel is isolated; detached; it stands alone; it is complete in itself. And it is comparatively small, with its whole life and architecture centering about the abbey. There is room for nothing else but the handful of houses clinging to the southern slope.

From the first gate up the one village street a ten minutes' walk brings you to the abbey; you need be no longer on the way if you follow the walls, while in half an hour or so of plodding through wet sand and scrambling over rocks you can make the entire round of the mount.

If I left my high perch to wander up and down the endless steps or along the narrow paths on the hillside between abbey and village, it was to come at every turn upon some new arrangement, some fresh outlook, more picturesque than the last. And on stairs, or footpaths, or street, or walls, or sands, I could seldom forget the isolated position of Mont St. Michel, which is at once its charm and its distinction.—Century.

Successful Charity Excursion.

"Was your charity excursion on the boat a success, Mrs. Dasher?"
"Grand! We lost money, but all who went say that they had a delightful outing and feel at the same time that their money went for a good cause."—Detroit Free Press.

We find we are often mistaken; not only we saw it, we did not believe it possible for a man to loop the loop.

UNCLE SAM—"A Remedy That Has Such Endorsements Should Be In Every Home."



Election Returns That Interest All Parties.

Encourage children to play games and laugh.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

One must respect a porous plaster for the power it evinces in sticking to one thing.

I do not believe Piso's Cure for Consumption has an equal for coughs and colds.—JOHN F. BOYER, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 15, 1900.

Warm honey is good for sore throat in children.

FITS permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE \$2.00 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 303 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Did causing sorrow ever give you happiness.

To Break in New Shoes. Always shake in Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It cures hot, sweating, itching, swollen feet. Cures Corns, Ingrowing Nails and Bunions. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Paddling up stream makes a strong swimmer.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, ss, LUCAS COUNTY. FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is senior partner in the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY. Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1898. A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 7c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

At 27 a woman loses her taste for green apples and very young men.

Common sense enables us to keep our cents.



The Maid—Shall I dust the bric-a-brac, mum? The Mistress—Not today, Nora. I don't think we can afford it.—Pick-Me-Up.

Mike—Are you much hurt, Pat? Do ye want a docther? Pat—A docther, ye fule! Afther bein' runned over by a trolley car? Phwat of want is a lawyer.

Mrs. Casey—Sure, th' goat has ate all av Maggie's piano music! Mr. Casey—Thank th' lard! Now, if he'd only ate th' pianny, Old'd pension him fer loife!—Puck.

"He declares his wife made him all that he is." "Quite likely. And I should judge that she didn't waste more than half an hour on the job."—Harper's Bazar.

At The Hague: "What's that building, pa?" That, my son, is the Temple of Peace. "What's it for?" "It's a sort of club where nations wrangle between wars."—Life.

"So Silas was charged with having seven wives. Was th' judge severe on him?" "Awful! He discharged him with all of his wives waitin' fer him in th' corridor."

He—Like all young men, I have my faults. She—Yes, but they are so insignificant that no self-respecting girl would feel justified in marrying you to reform you.—Illustrated Bits.

Patent Medicine Proprietor—Did that chap we sent the gross of medicine to send us a testimonial? Secretary—Well, no; but we got cards of thanks from several of his heirs.—Puck.

Scripture verified: Hearing of a tax assessor who had been waylaid and shot by robbers, Brother Dickey said: "How truly do de Bible say, 'De way of de tax assessor is hard.'"—Atlanta Constitution.

"Why, Johnny, how much you look like your father?" remarked a visitor to a 4-year-old. "Yes'm," answered Johnny, with an air of resignation; "that's what everybody says, but I can't help it."

"Doctor, how can I make sure that the ice I use on the table is free from germs?" "Boil it," and the good family physician at once made a two-dollar entry in his day-book.—Detroit Free Press.

"Miss Lovelace—Allice—will you not consent to be mistress of my estates? I cannot tell you how much I love you." "Oh, Reginald—or—perhaps you can give me a rough estimate—in acres."—Life.

Her Mother—Mr. Sloman has been coming to see you for quite a long while, Maude. What are his intentions? Do you know? She—Well, I think he intends to keep on coming.—Philadelphia Press.

"Young man," said Dustin Stax. "I had to work for my money." "Well, father," was the chilly reply, "enough people in our set are throwing that up to me without your talking about it."—Washington Star.

Tom—So Miss Turner refused you, eh? Did she give any reason for doing so? Jack—Yes, indeed; two of them. Tom—What were they? Jack—Myself and another fellow.—Superior (Wis.) Telegram.

Old Lady—Meat is very dear, butcher. I can hardly afford to buy any. Butcher—Why not turn vegetarian, mum? Old Lady—No, indeed; I was born and brought up a Baptist, and I'm not going to change my religion at any time of life.

He—Do you think marriages are made in heaven? She—I don't know. Perhaps they are, but I'd be satisfied with one made in—oh, that is, of course, I wasn't thinking what—oh, Charlie, do you really mean it?—Chicago Record-Herald.

A little fellow in saying his prayers one night entreated a blessing on his aunt, who was dangerously ill, and gravely concluded with these words: "And please, God, don't forget her address. She lives at 9 Blank street, on the third floor to the right."

Newitt—I see a great statistician says that considerably more than one-half the world's population is feminine. Peppery—Ridiculous! If that were so how would he account for the fact that "one-half the world doesn't know how the other half lives?"

Mrs. Wearie—This is the last time I'll have a girl who can't speak English. Husband—Why don't you send her off? Mrs. Wearie—I've been trying to for six weeks, but I can't make her understand what the word "discharge" means. She thinks it means a day off, and when I tell her she's discharged she goes out and has a good time.

The wife of an uptown doctor recently had as a visitor a child of five, a quaint, old-fashioned youngster. The child's sash came untied, and she asked her hostess to tie it. "Why, can't you tie it yourself?" she was asked. "No, ma'am," answered the child. "And why not?" "Because I'm in front of it."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

"What is the matter with that baby?" growled an irascible husband as the little one persisted in howling and kicking to the extent of his little might. "The matter is, sir," calmly replied the wife as she strode up and down the room, "the matter is that this baby inherits your temper." And the husband returned to his paper with a gloomier look than before.

NAGGING PAINS

Newport News, Va., July 22, 1903.

Last summer while recovering from illness of fever, I had a severe attack of Inflammatory Rheumatism in the knees, from which I was unable to leave my room for several months. I was treated by two doctors and also tried different kinds of liniments and medicines which seemed to relieve me from pain for awhile, but at the same time I was not any nearer getting well. One day while reading a paper I saw an advertisement of S. S. S. for Rheumatism. I decided to give it a trial, which I did at once. After I had taken three bottles I felt a great deal better, and I still continued to take it regularly until I was entirely cured. I now feel better than for years, and I cheerfully recommend S. S. S. to any one suffering from Rheumatism. 613 32d St. CHAS. E. GILDERSLEEVE.

Rheumatism is caused by uric acid or some other acid poison in the blood, which when deposited in the muscles and joints, produce the sharp, cutting pains and the stiffness and soreness peculiar to this disease. S. S. S. goes directly into the circulation, all irritating substances are neutralized and filtered out of the system, the blood is made pure and the general health is built up under the purifying and tonic effects of the vegetable remedy.

Write for our special book on Rheumatism which is sent free. Our physicians will advise without charge all who will write us about their case.

The Swift Specific Company, Atlanta, Ga.

The inspirations of our youth have much to do with the success of our lives.

The sum of happiness increases with the decrease of fear. The user of "Old Gilt Edge Whiskey" fears not ill health, nor inclement weather. Wichman, Lutgen & Co., 29-31 Battery st., S. F.

If your horse has colic in a mild form, give him a tablespoonful of baking soda.

Ask for Miller's Milwaukee Beer. Best in the market. Spruance, Stanley & Co., San Francisco, agents.

Storm Cannons.

The storm cannons now in use along the southern side of the Alps, where damage from hailstorms during harvest time is imminent, look like a huge megaphone, such as boat-crew coaches use, and they are set, with their wide mouths gaping skyward, beside little houses that look like sentry boxes. When they are fired they boom like "sure enough" cannons, and send reverberating, echoing, boom-booms caroming about among the hillsides; but instead of a ball or shell, or other similar projectile, they emit a ring of smoke which grows larger and larger as it ascends, until at last, before it breaks, it is big enough to surround a ten-acre field. What the effect of a smoke ring upon a mischievously intent cloud is I cannot exactly say, but instead of hail, only rain falls when the guns are used, and damage to crops is prevented.

Virulent Vegetable Poisons.

One of the most poisonous plants is the ordinary fox-glove from which digitalis is made. Every part of it is toxic in a high degree, flowers, stem, leaves and roots. It has no unpleasant odor of any kind, but for some reason cattle never touch it. In the hemlocks, several of which are poisonous to man or beast, the dangerous ingredient varies. Spotted hemlock kills or injures human beings by causing paralysis, which progresses through the nervous centers till it attacks the lungs. In the water hemlock the poison acts in a different way. Like another and more deadly vegetable poison, strychnine, it causes tetanic spasms. The difference in the nature of the poison contained in plants so closely alike as these two hemlocks, may perhaps account for the failure of cattle to know the danger to which they are exposed in eating them. It may well be that one variety, though injurious to man, may not affect cattle. Consequently they might naturally eat without any misgiving the other variety which is deadly to them.

An Old Foggy Storekeeper.

Pretty Girl (mountain resort)—I want a yachting cap.

Dealer—We do not keep them. There is not a sheet of water big enough to sail in within two hundred miles of this place.

Pretty Girl—Oh, you mistake. I did not ask for a yacht. I said yachting cap.

Catarrh Invites Consumption

It weakens the delicate lung tissues, deranges the digestive organs, and breaks down the general health.

It often causes headache and dizziness, impairs the taste, smell and hearing, and affects the voice.

Being a constitutional disease it requires a constitutional remedy.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Radically and permanently cures catarrh of the nose, throat, stomach, bowels, and more delicate organs.

Read the testimonials.

No substitute for Hood's acts like Hood's. Be sure to get Hood's.

"I was troubled with catarrh 20 years. Seeing statements of cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla resolved to try it. Four bottles entirely cured me." WILLIAM SHERMAN, 1030 6th St., Milwaukee, Wis.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla promises to cure and keeps the promise."

Unwritten History.

Kerwin—Old Columbus must have been the victim of a hunko agme.

Parker—Why do you think so?

Kerwin—Because he was the first to conceive the idea that the world wasn't square.

W. L. DOUGLAS
\$2.50 SHOES
The reason W. L. Douglas makes and sells more men's \$2.50 shoes than any other manufacturer in the world. The reason W. L. Douglas \$2.50 shoes are the greatest sellers in the world is because of their excellent style, easy fitting and superior wearing qualities. If I could show you the difference between the shoes made in my factory and those of other makers and the high-grade leathers used, you would understand why W. L. Douglas \$2.50 shoes cost more to make, why they hold their shape, fit better, wear longer, and are of greater intrinsic value than any other \$2.50 shoe on the market to-day, and why the sales for the year ending July 1, 1904, were \$6,263,040.00. W. L. Douglas guarantees their value by stamping his name and price on the bottom. Look for it—take no substitute. Sold by shoe dealers everywhere.

SUPERIOR IN FIT, COMFORT AND WEAR.

"I have worn W. L. Douglas \$2.50 shoes for the last twelve years with absolute satisfaction. I find them superior in fit, comfort and wear to others costing from \$2.00 to \$5.00."—J. S. McQUE, Dept. Col., U. S. Int. Revenue, Richmond, Va.

W. L. Douglas uses Corona Cattle in his \$2.50 shoes. Corona Cattle is conceded to be the finest Patent Leather made. Fast Color Eyelets used exclusively.

W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Massachusetts.

De Laval Dairy Supply Co.
9 & 11 Drumm St. N. Y.

COUPON

Please send me the information described in your advertisement in

Name _____

Town _____

State _____

No. of cows being milked _____

De Laval Dairy Supply Co.
9-11 Drumm St. San Francisco
107 1st St. Portland, Ore.

Around the World

"I have used your Fish Brand Slickers for years in the Hawaiian Islands and found them the only article that suited. I am now in this country (Africa) and think a great deal of your goods."

(NAME ON APPLICATION)

The world-wide reputation of Tower's Waterproof Oiled Clothing assures the buyer of the positive worth of all garments bearing this Sign of the Fish.

A. J. TOWER CO.
Boston, U. S. A.

TOWER CANADIAN CO., LIMITED
Toronto, Canada

STOP DRINKING

1 Cure in 3 Days to Stay Cured

DR. J. J. MCKANNA
12 Quay Street, San Francisco, Cal.
TREATS ALL OBSCURE AND PAINFUL WOMEN'S AFFECTIONS.

INDORSED BY U. S. GOVERNMENT

For more than a QUARTER OF A CENTURY the KEELEY Treatment has been saving men and women from alcoholism and drug addiction. It is a safe and reliable method of curing the habit of drinking and is the only one that does not injure the system.

THE KEELEY INSTITUTE
1000 Broadway, New York City

S. F. N. O. No. 46, 1904

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS KINDLY MENTION THIS PAPER

PISO'S CURE FOR
BURNS WHEN ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup, Cures Croup. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

Ayer's

Give nature three helps, and nearly every case of consumption will recover. Fresh air, most important of all.

Cherry Pectoral

Nourishing food comes next. Then, a medicine to control the cough and heal the lungs. Ask any good doctor.

"I first used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral 53 years ago. I have seen terrible cases of lung diseases cured by it. I am never without it."

ALBERT G. HAMILTON, Marietta, Ohio.

J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.

for Consumption

Health demands daily action of the bowels. Aid nature with Ayer's Pills.

THE ONLY ONE

There is only One Genuine-Syrup of Figs,

The Genuine is Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co.

The full name of the company, California Fig Syrup Co., is printed on the front of every package of the genuine.

The Genuine-Syrup of Figs- is for Sale, in Original Packages Only, by Reliable Druggists Everywhere

Knowing the above will enable one to avoid the fraudulent imitations made by piratical concerns and sometimes offered by unreliable dealers. The imitations are known to act injuriously and should therefore be declined.

Buy the genuine always if you wish to get its beneficial effects. It cleanses the system gently yet effectually, dispels colds and headaches when bilious or constipated, prevents fevers and acts best on the kidneys, liver, stomach and bowels, when a laxative remedy is needed by men, women or children. Many millions know of its beneficial effects from actual use and of their own personal knowledge. It is the laxative remedy of the well-informed.

Always buy the Genuine-Syrup of Figs

MANUFACTURED BY THE

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

Louisville, Ky. San Francisco, Cal. New York, N. Y.

PRICE FIFTY CENTS PER BOTTLE

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES

Color more goods brighter and faster colors than any other dye, one 10c package colors silk, wool and cotton equally well and is guaranteed to give perfect results. Ask dealer or write for free booklet how to dye, bleach and mix colors. MONROE DRUG CO., Unionville, Missouri.

TO MANUFACTURERS

Who desire a location combining every feature conducive to prosperity, sufficiently near to San Francisco to enjoy all the privileges of a site in the metropolis, and yet sufficiently remote to escape the heavy taxation and other burdens incident to the city.

Where a ship canal enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

Where large ferry boats enter the large ferry slip now in use, and land passengers, freight and whole trains of cars.

Where an independent railroad system gives ample switching privileges to every industry.

Where a private water-works plant, with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district, supplies an abundance of pure artesian water at rates far below city prices.

Where some of the largest industries in the State are today located and in full operation.

Where hundreds of thousands of dollars have already been spent in perfecting the locality for manufacturing purposes.

Where the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company own **THIRTY-FOUR HUNDRED** acres of land and Seven Miles of Water Front on the San Francisco Bay, and on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad.

Where, in fact, rail, wharf and other privileges are unexcelled for manufacturing purposes by any other locality on the coast.

If you desire such a location come and see what we have in South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

For further information call or address

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO LAND & IMPROVEMENT CO.

202 SANSOME ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

TO HOME-SEEKERS

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, comprising many San Francisco, Chicago and New York capitalists, created in San Mateo county a new town site known as South San Francisco. This town site is situated on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and also on the Southern Pacific Bay Shore Railroad, soon to be finished; it is also at the terminus of the San Francisco and San Mateo Electric Railway.

South San Francisco was platted as a town just prior to the great financial panic of 1893 and 1894; during all that period of financial wreck and ruin, when almost every new enterprise and many old-established institutions were actually swept out of existence, she has held her own and is to-day a prosperous community with a population of nearly **FIFTEEN HUNDRED PEOPLE**.

An extensive and fine residence district, where workmen may secure land at reasonable prices, and on favorable terms, as homes for themselves and their families.

Upwards of \$2,000,000 in cash have been expended in laying the foundation of this new town. Most of the streets have been graded, curbed and sewered, miles of concrete sidewalk laid, trees planted along the main highways, and a water-works plant completed, giving an abundant supply of pure artesian water for every purpose. But the foundation laid in what is known as the manufacturing district of this town site constitutes above all others the most positive guarantee for the future of South San Francisco.

There is no stability nor permanency so absolute respecting real estate values, and the future growth of any community like that which is based upon industries giving employment to men. The facilities created by the founders of South San Francisco have already secured to her several large manufacturing enterprises, and will soon secure many more; this means not only an increase in population, but an enhancement in real estate values.

South San Francisco has passed the experimental stage, and is now an established town. Many of her lot owners who have properly improved their holdings are even to-day realizing from ten to twenty per cent net on their investments. How many communities as new as South San Francisco can make this boast?

An independent community in itself, with its own supporting elements, and at the same time close to the metropolis of California, and in the direction in which San Francisco must necessarily grow, already reached by some of the city's street car service, and certain to be on the line of any new railroad entering San Francisco, South San Francisco presents to-day opportunities for investment among the safest and best on the Pacific Coast.

Detail information cheerfully furnished. Address

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BEEF AND PORK PACKERS

—AND SLAUGHTERERS OF—

CATTLE, SHEEP, HOGS AND CALVES.

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